

A DROP OF BLOOD

Is the title of a story in which the thrill of fiction has been woven with the truth of real life. Maurus Jokai wrote it for the

A DROP OF BLOOD

The latest story by Maurus Jokai, the great Hungarian novelist, author of "Peter the Priest," "Black Diamonds" and other thrilling tales, will be published complete, finely illustrated, in the next

SUNDAY POST-DISPATCH.

VOL. 49, NO. 159.

SATURDAY EVENING—ST. LOUIS—JANUARY 15, 1898.

PRICE In St. Louis, One Cent Outside St. Louis, Two Cents.

SUNDAY POST-DISPATCH.

BURGLARS RIDE IN A HACK.

Drove to Charley Van Studdiford's Beautiful Home.

HAULED THEIR PLUNDER AWAY.

GOT INTO THE HOUSE BY CUTTING A PANEL FROM A REAR DOOR.

STOLE SILVER AND CUT GLASS.

Cab Driver Stood Sentinel in the Street While the Burglars Robbed the Residence of Valuables Worth \$1,000.

Burglars entered the palatial residence of Charles Van Studdiford, 4452 Maryland avenue, at 2:30 o'clock Saturday morning. They made a rich haul. Jewelry, silverware and bric-a-brac to the value of \$1000 were taken. The burglars drove to the Van Studdiford home in a cab. They loaded their booty into the vehicle and drove rapidly away, escaping detection. Entrance was gained by cutting a hole large enough to admit a man's hand in a panel of the kitchen door. Then it was easy enough to reach through and slip the night latch. The door was beamed with blood, indicating that the man who pushed his hand through the door suffered painful laceration.

The burglars were scared away by Miss Van Studdiford, who showed rare presence of mind. After the plunderers had gone through the door portion of the house they went upstairs and tried to pick the lock leading to the Van Studdiford's bedroom. The noise awakened Mrs. Van Studdiford, who called out in alarm, "Who's there?" At the same time she jumped out of bed and ran to the door.

She could hear the scuffling of feet in the hall and a noise as of some one falling downstairs. She awakened her husband and told him there were burglars in the house. Mr. Van Studdiford went into the front room and got his revolver.

He went to the front window and his wife to the rear one, but they caught no glimpse of the burglars, though they heard the noise of a cab driving madly down the street.

An alarm was immediately given. A hurried glance told the story. The dining room had been ransacked and an armload of silverware had been stolen. Closets and trunks in other rooms had been rifled and jewelry was gone. Among other articles stolen was a French clock valued at \$100.

Mr. Van Studdiford had laid in a thousand high grade cigars. They went with the booty. Cut glass and diamonds rattled together as the burglars carried their plunder to the hack.

Michael Dooley, the driver of an olive street owl car, says he saw a cab standing near the Van Studdiford residence shortly before 3:30 o'clock. A driver stood at the head of the horses, acting as sentinel. Dooley paid but little attention to the incident at the time, but the police believe that the cab belonged to the burglars.

The police are working actively without any tangible clue.

A peculiar feature is that the burglars took all of the eatables they could get their hands on, including a ham, a dozen oranges and several pounds of grapes.

Saturday morning it was found that they had cut a panel out of the kitchen door of the residence of G. D. Rosenthal, two doors west of the Van Studdiford residence. The Rosenthals do not believe they entered the house, as nothing has been missed.

PRINCE HENRY'S SHIPS.

Passed Perim and Signaled That All Were Well.

PERIM, Jan. 15.—The German warships Deutschland and Gefion, under command of Prince Henry of Prussia, have passed here on their way to China and signaled all well on board.

POST-DISPATCH THERMOMETER.

7 a. m.	37	12 m.	40
8 a. m.	38	1 p. m.	40
9 a. m.	39	2 p. m.	40
10 a. m.	39	3 p. m.	39
11 a. m.	39	4 p. m.	39

GEN. CROW'S WAR PAINT.

Sharpening the Legal Sword for Monopoly's Slaughter.

WILL TEST THE JULIAN LAW.

WILL GO TO THE COURT ON THE BROAD PRINCIPLES OF COMMON LAW.

EXPECTS TO GET JUDGE BLAND.

But the Attorney-General's Real Legal Work Will Be Done to Rid Missouri of Commercial Blood-Suckers, Who Sap Its Life.

Attorney-General Crow came down from Jefferson City Friday night to fill an engagement of his own motion with Judge E. A. Rombauer at the Planters' Hotel Saturday morning. Judge Rombauer is one of the principals in the now famous controversy which will go down to Missouri legal and political history as the Bland-North-Rombauer case. The contention involves the title of Judge Bland to a seat on the Court of Appeals' bench. The essence of the charge is that Judge Bland went the office through a political deal with Judge North, who was a candidate of the Populists, Bland (Dem.) and Rombauer (Rep.). North withdrew from the contest, leaving the issue between Bland and Rombauer, and Bland won easily. It is charged that North or the Populist party managers were paid \$1000 for North's withdrawal, besides North was to and did receive the office of Reporter of the Appeals Court.

Judge Rombauer proposes to test the legality of Judge North, who was a candidate of the Populists, Bland (Dem.) and Rombauer (Rep.). North withdrew from the contest, leaving the issue between Bland and Rombauer, and Bland won easily. It is charged that North or the Populist party managers were paid \$1000 for North's withdrawal, besides North was to and did receive the office of Reporter of the Appeals Court.

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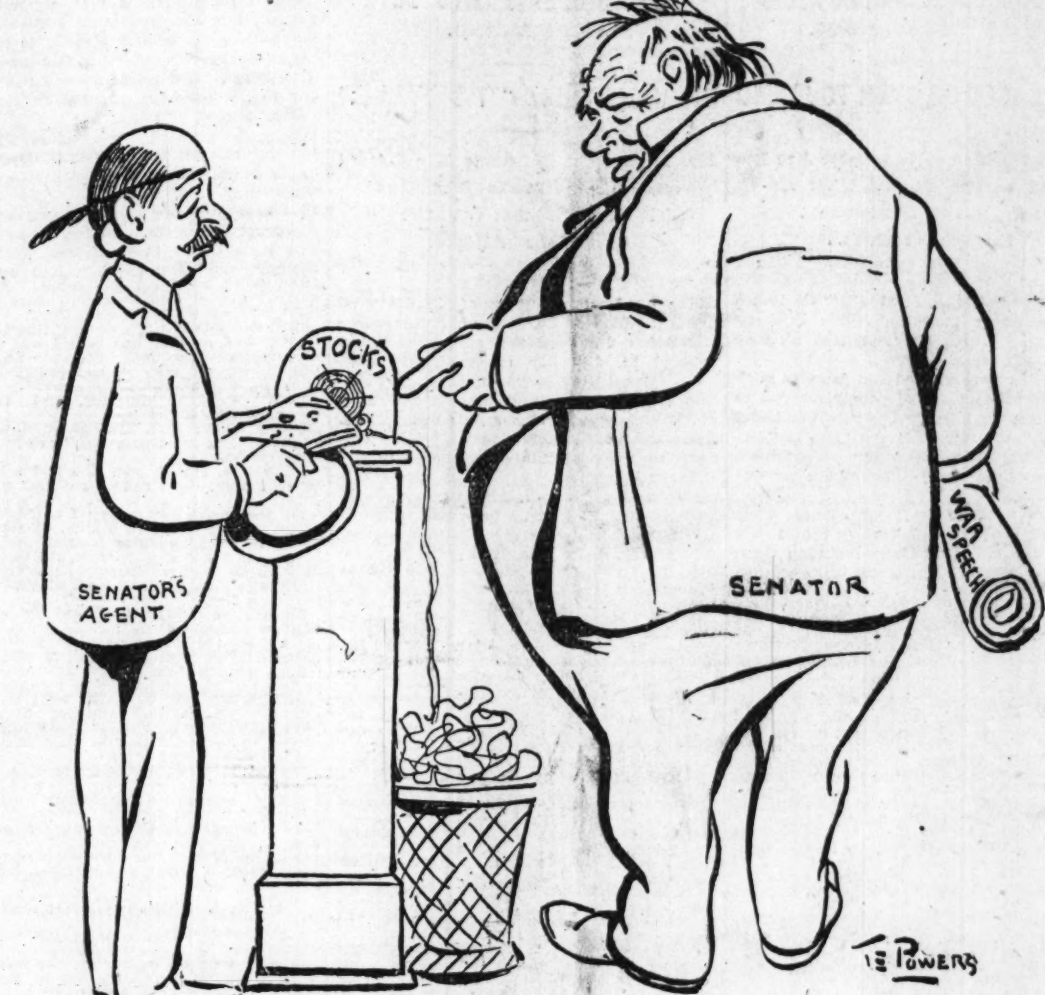
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SECRET OF THE WAR SCARE.



Senator—Now, when I yell War, War, War, three times, you watch the stock ticker.

ARRIVED TO-DAY.

Gen. Wm. Booth of the Salvation Army Has Landed in New York.

NEW YORK, Jan. 15.—The American liner St. Paul, brought into port today Gen. Wm. Booth, chief of the Salvation Army. In honor of his visit to America 12 new shelters for the homeless poor and three new rescue homes for women will be simultaneously opened at various points in the country. The general, now in his 60th year, made his first journey to this country in 1886, holding 20 meetings within three months. Since his last visit in 1896 the army shows an increased membership of 248. The colonization scheme, which is the pet project of Gen. Booth, will be pushed during his stay. "This plan is not," said Mrs. Booth-Tucker, "as has been stated, for the benefit of English out of work. The American colony in San Francisco, Portland, Seattle and Spokane, at which last place he will be on March 12. Then the general will cross again over into Canada and visit Victoria, Vancouver and Winnipeg. "On March 19 he will reach Minneapolis and then St. Paul. From March 20 to 31 he will be in Chicago. From then till April 14 he will visit successively Cleveland, Buffalo, Boston and Philadelphia. Gen. Booth will conclude his American visit with a series of meetings and demonstrations in New York from April 14 to 18. On April 20 he will sail for England."

VON DER AHE IN LOUISVILLE.

He Talks Mysteriously and Hints at Something Big.

Special to the Post-Dispatch. LOUISVILLE, Ky., Jan. 15.—Chris Von der Ahe is here on an errand, which he says is of importance to both Louisville and St. Louis, but of which he will say nothing more. Von der Ahe arrived in Louisville last night from St. Louis. After attending a little supper at Frank Fehr's brewery he held a seance with Secretary Dehler, which lasted until after midnight. "He would not tell me what he was here for," said Dehler this morning. "He says he must see Pullman first. Pullman will arrive here from Frankfurt to-night, in response to Von der Ahe's summons. "I cannot say a word until after I have seen him," said Von der Ahe this morning. "It would spoil everything. I can't give the nature of the propositions to be made. I'll remain here until Monday if it is necessary. As soon as I have talked the matter over with Pullman I'll give it out."

SAM COPELAND CAUGHT.

Minnesota Bank Robber Brought Up in Texas.

Special to the Post-Dispatch. PORT WORTH, Tex., Jan. 15.—Minnesota officials reached here from West Texas with Sam Copeland, who is wanted at Stillwater, Minn., for robbing a bank of \$3,000 about two years ago. Copeland will start for Minnesota to-day.

AMERICANS UNDER ARREST.

Suspected of Gigantic Robberies in Mexico. CITY OF MEXICO, Jan. 15.—Four Americans have been arrested here, and are rigorously interrogated, being suspected of complicity in robberies of great magnitude. The gang numbers 12 men.

BEWARE OF PICKPOCKETS.

A Man Paid a Salary for This Cry by a Theater Manager.

Pickpockets are getting in their work around the theaters, especially Sunday afternoons and evenings when there are large crowds around the doors. Patrons of the Standard and Havlin's have suffered lately. Their pockets have been rifled outside the theater doors. In front of the Standard last Sunday two gold watches were stolen. Manager Butler has employed a man to stand out on the sidewalk while the crowds are entering the theater and coming from it after the performance. The man's only duty is to cry out, "Beware of Pickpockets."

BROWN MUST PAY THE COSTS.

Sued the Pulitzer Publishing Co. for Libel and Lost.

All of the court papers in the recently settled libel suit of Thomas Brown against the Pulitzer Publishing Co. have been forwarded from Courtroom No. 2, in which the case was tried, to the taxing clerk, who has made out a bill for costs against Brown for \$83.70, and mailed it to the plaintiff's attorney. The cost of the suit falls upon Brown as he failed to prove his charges in his petition.

THE WEATHER FORECAST.

FAIR AND COLDER.

For St. Louis and vicinity—Fair Saturday night and Sunday; colder Saturday night. For Missouri—Fair Saturday night and Sunday; colder Saturday night. For Illinois—Clearing and colder Saturday night; Sunday fair.

Rains and snows were general from the Slope region eastward, except in the Dakotas. The temperatures have risen from 2 to 18 degrees in the East and South and extreme Northwest and have fallen from 2 to 20 degrees over the remaining districts.

SACRILEGIOUS SWINDLERS.

Edward Brennan Imposes on Many Pious Women.

SOLD THEM "SACRED" ARTICLES

ALLEGED THEY WERE USED IN ADMINISTERING EXTREME UNCTION BY THE PRIESTS.

FIVE DOLLARS THE PRICE.

Downing & Rummenie, Dealers in Church Supplies, Say Brennan Left Their Employ to Go to Alton Some Time Ago.

Playing on the credulity of faithful church members, a sacrilegious swindler reaped a harvest in South St. Louis Thursday afternoon. The swindler gave the name of Edward Brennan, and he is still at liberty. He started out Thursday afternoon by going to the residence of Mrs. Margaret Walsh, 706 South Sixth street. He handed her a card announcing himself as a salesman for Downing & Rummenie, dealers in church supplies, 504 Olive street. The alleged salesman carried with him a box containing the sacred articles used by priests in administering the sacrament of extreme unction. He offered to sell the outfit for \$5. He was smooth of appearance and glib of tongue. A little talk from the swindler and Mrs. Walsh handed him a \$5 bill. After a pleasant adieu, including some fatherly advice, Brennan left. An hour later he returned and asked Mrs. Walsh to loan him her sacred purchases. He wanted it for a few minutes to exhibit as a sample to some of the neighbors. The confiding Mrs. Walsh readily complied in more money. Fortified with what he termed the instrument of extreme unction, Brennan went from place to place gathering in more money. At the home of Mrs. Julia Wall, 721 South Seventh street, the smooth salesman found it easy to take an order. Mrs. Wall paid a deposit of \$2, promising to pay the balance of \$3 the next day. Meanwhile Brennan took the sample Mrs. Walsh had so kindly loaned him and went out in search of other faithful ones. Mrs. Patrick Dalton of 709 South Seventh street paid \$1 as a deposit. Mrs. Ida Frank of 706 South Sixth did the same thing. Mrs. Michael Knaus of 708 Virginia avenue parted with \$2. All of this was accomplished in one afternoon, and so much activity made Brennan tired. He might have returned the sample instruments of alleged extreme unction to Mrs. Walsh, from whom he borrowed them, but he had no time for that.

He went to the home of Mrs. Rose Guiche, 2616 South Sixth street, and sold the box for \$4 cash. He left it there and that ended his day's work. When the police called at the establishment of Downing & Rummenie information was given that a man by the name of Brennan had formerly been in their employ, but he had never been authorized to solicit orders for any church goods as he had purported to sell the "South St. Louis" wren.

The last firm heard of Brennan until the present episode he was at Alton. He is about 24 years old, his manner is polished and he is the general appearance of a gentleman. The women who were victimized are well known in church circles and are easily taken in.

DASHED TO DEATH.

Horrible Suicide of J. W. Stonehouse of Chicago.

CHICAGO, Jan. 15.—J. W. Stonehouse, whose sign painting establishment recently failed, committed suicide to-day in the rotunda of the Masonic Temple by jumping from the railing on the sixteenth floor. His body struck the railing on the stairway of the second floor, smashing the iron and crashed through the two-inch marble landing. Every bone in Stonehouse's body was shattered. The corpse was picked up a shapeless mass on the stairway between the first and second floors. Earlier in the day Stonehouse attempted to throw himself from one of the upper floors of the Chamber of Commerce, but was frustrated. Stonehouse is said to have made and spent two moderate sized fortunes. A son of the suicide went to Colorado some time ago and has not been heard from since. Stonehouse is said to have brooded over this and often expressed fear that his son was dead.

OHIO RIVER ON A RISE.

Cincinnati Business Men Are Feeling Some Anxiety.

CINCINNATI, O., Jan. 15.—The Ohio River is a cause of the greatest anxiety to thousands of Cincinnati business men in the bottom. The river at 10 o'clock this morning reached a stage of 39 feet with prospect of going much higher. The rainfall here last night was not heavy, but at day's endhouse attempted to throw himself from one of the upper floors of the Chamber of Commerce, but was frustrated. Stonehouse is said to have made and spent two moderate sized fortunes. A son of the suicide went to Colorado some time ago and has not been heard from since. Stonehouse is said to have brooded over this and often expressed fear that his son was dead.

LOVERS FORTY-SEVEN YEARS.

An Aged Couple of Iowa Were Finally Married.

WEBSTER CITY, Ia., Jan. 15.—Elijah Davis, aged 65, and Miss Fannie Spaulding, aged 67, were married last night. Their union was the culmination of a romance of 47 years' standing. In 1851, while hunting along the banks of the Ohio River, Davis rescued a party of five young ladies overturned in a rowboat. He fell in love with one of them, Miss Spaulding, but her parents objected to the union. He went to the California gold field shortly after and she came to Iowa. A little over two months ago Davis traded for an Iowa farm, and when he came to inspect his property he found his sweetheart was his renter. Although he had had no communication with her for forty years the love still lived in the hearts of both, and they declare they will end their lives together.

What St. Louis Is Suffering While the Council Junketers Are Away.



Unless we stretch a trolley line across the wide expanse of mud that hides, as Hawthorne said, the mosses of the manse, No kid can venture forth to school; he dare not take the chance. But even then, suppose the wires should hap to break in two: Where then would be the kids, without a life preserving crew? O, goodness gracious! What on earth will poor St. Louis do?

"A DROP OF BLOOD," by MAURUS JOKAI.

Hungary's Greatest Novelist Has Written a Thrilling Story for To-Morrow's Sunday Post-Dispatch.

**FOR MEDICINAL USE
NO FUSEL OIL**

the best possible cure for
dyspepsia. It gently stimu-

ates the stomach and
nus helps it to do its work
old by all druggists and

Send for illus. pamphlet
JEFFY MALT WHISKEY C

Rochester, N. Y.

KREBS FLORAL CO.

Cut Flowers,
Floral Designs and

Funeral Decorations Our Specialty
 Olive St. Opposite Barra. Phone 4884.

DEATHS.

OK—On Friday, Jan. 14, at 12 noon, Cora Beck, beloved husband of Louise Beck Veth) and our dear father, aged 42 years 4 months.

Funeral on Sunday, Jan. 18, at 2 o'clock
m., from residence, 4244 Oregon avenue.

DELY—Mrs. Mary Creely, Friday, the
inst. of general debility at her residence.

Funeral will take place at Florissant Sun morning at 9 o'clock.

Funeral from residence, 1726 Whittier st.
Sunday, Jan. 18, at 1:30 p. m., to Bellefont
Cemetery.

Deceased was a member of Benton Com
Royal Arcanum, No. 183.

ESE—On Friday, Jan. 14, at 7:10 p. m., F
Wiese, beloved husband of Louisa Wiese

Funeral will take place on Sunday, Jan. at 2 o'clock p. m., from family residence, 1 Cass avenue, to the Bethania Cemetery. Fr

are invited to attend.
Louisville (Ky.), Denver (Colo.) and Okla.
(Mo.) papers please copy.

rs: President, T. G. Watts; First V

President, Judge Taaffe; Second Vice-President, Dodridge Jones, Third Vice-President, G. Cooney; Secretary, L. S. Eads; Sergeant-at-Arms, T. D. Cannon; Direct Bank Yore, etc.

"I am not a candidate," T. D. Canfield said; "this whole thing is a joke. Some of the men on this ticket are not now members of the club. Frank Yore isn't a candidate. There is no Brady ticket. Some of the tickets are merely having a little sport."

HARTMAN A SECOND REED

The New House Speaker Rules With an Iron Hand.

ll Hartmann of the Ninth Ward, a
ucus nominee of the "Solid Nineteen"
s elected Speaker Pro Tem of the Ho
Delegates Friday night.

his was made necessary by the absence of Speaker Lehmann, who is touring western cities as one of the jolly junkies who are spending \$2000 of the city's money to find out how other cities make a

ets and keep them clean. Speaker Wittenberg is sojourning at Springs, Ark., for his health. Both absent for three weeks. Mr. Bersch, of his own motion, took

maker's chair when the House met
ht and called it to order. Ex-Spea
syd challenged his right to do so, s
that that duty devolved on the cl
the absence of the regular officers.
delegate Helms said that the main

He consulted City Counselor Marsh and advised that any member of the Board could call it to order if the majority agreed. Mr. Madera then placed Hartmann

mination and he was elected. The speaker got along finely and disposed of several little parliamentary hitches in the same manner as Speaker Reed handles such matters.

authorizing William Simon, Jr., to maintain a "merry-go-round" in O'Farrell park for five years, with the understanding that he is to pay the city 20 per cent of the earnings. Several members objected to

but Weeke said that children in New Orleans were as much entitled to a "daddy" as the West Enders in Forest Park and if they couldn't get it he would make an effort to have the one in Forest Park.

lished. If a merry-go-round was to be considered a nuisance in O'Fallon Park, it is equally so in Forest Park. The matter is referred.

The bill authorizing the city to become

tee of the Mullamphy emigrant fund borrow \$550,000 of the fund by issue of bonds at 4 per cent passed. It goes to Mayor, and as His Honor is the author of the scheme which the bill forwards, signature will be affixed.

The loan from the Mullinaphy fund is to be used to build a new city hospital. Mayor, through the City Counselor, will file a friendly suit in the Circuit Court to secure a decree which will vest him with the fund.

The Port Au Prince Fire.

Line steamer Andes, which vessel
ed to-day from Haytian ports, say t
buildings were destroyed by the
ich devastated Port au Prince on Dec.

Combine comfort with your low rate to Texas on the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railway on Jan. 15. Berths secured by application at 105 North Broadway.

Marine.
NEW YORK, Jan. 15.—Arrived: St. P.
n Southampton.

The Royal is the highest grade baking powder known. Actual tests show it goes one-third further than any other brand.

ROYAL



BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

ROYAL BARRON NEW YORK



THE WORLD OF SPORTS

THE SPORT OF RACING.

TIME AND EXPERIENCE HAVE PROVEN IT NOTHING MORE THAN A LOTTERY.

THE PRICE OF YEARLINGS.

How Morelli Sold for a Hundred and Won Nearly That Many Thousands.

The sport of horse racing is nothing more nor less than a lottery. The poorest man is liable to get hold of a horse that will land him a fortune. The richest owner is liable to spend thousands to obtain a winner and not get one. The top and bottom lines of these propositions are illustrated in the cases of Morelli and King Thomas.

Morelli cost \$100 as a yearling and before quitting the turf won for his owner \$81,680. King Thomas sold at public auction as a yearling for \$38,000 and in his career on the turf won just \$400.

Another strong contrast is furnished by the Keenes' great horse Domino and his unworthy brother Swiftfoot.

Domino as a yearling cost \$200. As a 2-year-old he won \$191,730, and racing on his 3 and 4-year-old swelled the total of his earnings to \$234,580.

Perhaps it was not Swiftfoot's fault, but anyhow he proved absolutely worthless, though the Keenes paid \$5,100 for him, or nearly twice that they gave for his brother. That same season the Keenes paid \$200 for a brother to Tammany and \$500 for a brother to Clifford and got much the same value as they did in Swiftfoot.

All the turf world is just now wondering whether Hamburg will ever win back the \$40,000 he cost Marcus Daly.

The question, as will be seen by the above, is an open one and only time and trial of the horse will answer it.

One thing is certain, too, and that is that but a small proportion of the high-priced ones, whether yearlings or developed race horses, come up to expectations after transfer.

Some notable exceptions to this rule are Kingston, bought by P. J. Dwyer for \$30,000 from his brother; Potomac, bought by M. F. Dwyer for \$30,000 at the Belmont sale in 1920; Ban Fox, bought by J. B. Haggin for \$20,000 as a private sale; Dew Drop, bought by the Dwyers for \$20,000 at the Lorrillard sale in 1925; Raceland, bought by the late August Belmont for \$15,000 from Green Morris; Hindoo, bought by the same firm for \$15,000 from Don Swigert; and others. It is not expected that Harlem will open until the latter part of May, or about the time of the close of the Louisville meeting, according to the schedule. There is likely to be a fifteen-day meeting at one of the Indiana tracks, either Sheffield or Roby, as Poythess has been abandoned, and the managers will probably meet there. This will bring him to St. Louis on Monday morning and he will be given a warm reception when he gets here.

THE RACE BETWEEN EATON AND COBURN CREATING ANY AMOUNT OF COMMENT.

THE RACE BETWEEN EATON AND COBURN CREATING ANY AMOUNT OF COMMENT.

TAKES PLACE NEXT SATURDAY.

The Indoor Champion of the World Will Arrive Here From New York Next Monday Morning.

One week from to-night the biggest tournament ever held in the bicycle line in St. Louis will take place on the new track now being built in the Coliseum.

The piece de resistance on that occasion will be the match race of one, two and three miles, best two in three, between Jay Eaton, the indoor champion of the world, and Willie Coburn, the local champion.

Coburn is now in training here, while

THEY SAY HE IS THERE DEALING WITH THAT CLUB'S PRESIDENT.

THEY SAY HE IS THERE DEALING WITH THAT CLUB'S PRESIDENT.

BECKER NOTE IS DUE TO-DAY.

The First Mortgage Bonds of the Sportsman's Park and Club Must Also Be Paid This Afternoon.

Judgment day for the St. Louis Browns is here, but for all that Chris. Von der Ahe, late President of that organization, is in Louisville and taking things easy.

A dispatch from Falls City received by the Post-Dispatch early this morning stated that Von der Ahe was there, and that it was reported he was trying to make some sort of a deal with President Pulliam of the Louisville club.

JUNIOR FOOTBALL LEAGUE.

They Play Their Postponed Games of Last Sunday To-Morrow.

The Juniors play off the postponed games of last Sunday to-morrow. The Griffins and Cycling Juniors play at Griffin's Park, at 9 o'clock, Deagan referee; the Barrys vs. Thistles, at Griffin's Park, at 10 o'clock, Kane referee; the Roxes vs. Terraces at Sportsman's Park, at 9 o'clock, McSweeney referee; the Monarchs vs. Shamrocks at Sportsman's Park, at 10 o'clock, Hogan referee.

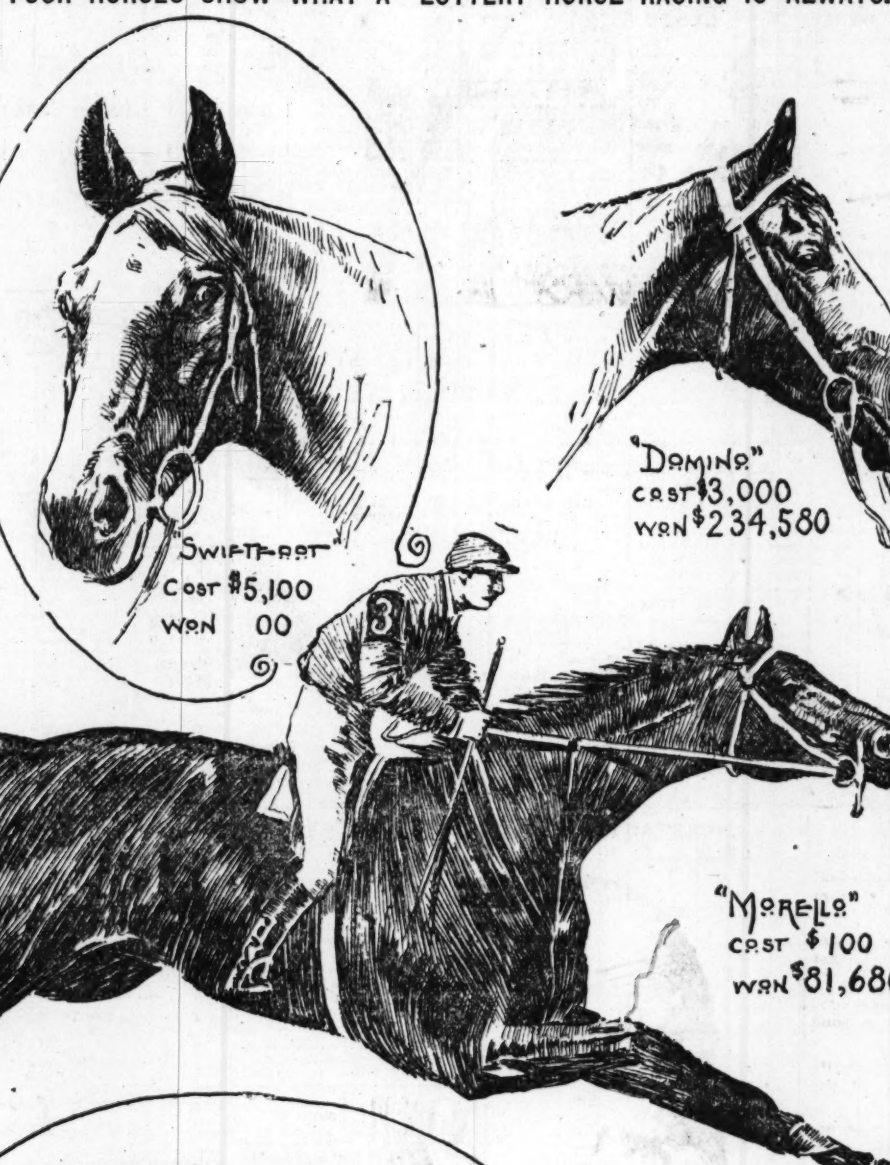
The Juniors hold their regular meeting Monday night at 200 Cass avenue. Monahan, who has been out of the game on account of illness, has fully recovered, and will be seen on the forward line of the Griffins against the Cycling Juniors on Sunday.

A NOVEL COURSEING MEET.

Out in North Dakota the Natives Ride Bicycles and Chase the Fox.

FARGO, N. D., Jan. 14.—There was a novel courseing meet near Fargo yesterday afternoon. The dog fanciers who had greyhounds on exhibition at the Kennel Show took their dogs out five miles south of the city for a jack rabbit chase. No jack rabbits could be found, but the crowd was lucky enough to strike a fox and enjoyed a splendid chase. About 300 people had gone out from Fargo to see the sport. A

FOUR HORSES SHOW WHAT A LOTTERY HORSE RACING IS ALWAYS.



Navarre, bought by August Belmont from Byron McClelland at private sale for a price said to be about \$50,000.

Not all of these—in fact, but few—actually won in stakes and purses as much money as they cost, but all were great race horses. Even in the successes, though, there was some measure of disappointment, for Potomac broke down after racing one season for Mike Dwyer, both Dew Drop and Ban Fox died after racing a single year for their new owners, and other breakdowns that came after a little longer time were those of Hindoo and Henry of Navarre.

The American contingent just now racing their horses in England will be disposed of in all the big events to be disposed of during the spring. The acceptances for the Lincolnshire spring handicap include Mr. James R. Keene's St. Cloud and Voter; for the City and Suburban, St. Cloud and Voter; and Richard Croker's Dobbin and Pierre Lorrillard's Blakie are entered. For the Jubilee stakes Dobbin, St. Cloud, Voter, Blakie, Herzak and Sandia are on the list. For the Hurd Park spring handicap the entries include Voter, Blakie, Herzak and Sandia. For the Alexander Park and Metropolitan handicap Voter is entered. For the Ascot gold cup James R. Keene's Trill will be among the runners. St. Cloud is also entered for this event. The Ascot all-aged stakes will probably find Herzak, Hosen and Doris II. at the post. St. Cloud is entered for the Alexander plate.

John Huggins, trainer of the American race horses taken to England by Pierre Lorrillard and now owned jointly by Mr. Lorrillard and Lord William Somerset, has returned to New York after a short visit to his old home at Fox Bend county, Tex. Mr. Huggins, who came back from England about three weeks ago, has arranged to sail again for a very dry term, when the steamer New York, and resume charge of his horses, quartered at Newmarket.

Talking about the English turf and its stable, Mr. Huggins said: "We will have about thirty-four horses in training next season, including seventeen yearlings shipped from Mr. Lorrillard's Bandon farm last fall. Mr. Lorrillard races only the horses he breeds himself, and Lord William Somerset, who came back from England about three weeks ago, has arranged to sail again for a very dry term, when the steamer New York, and resume charge of his horses, quartered at Newmarket."

This is the verdict of the people in regard to Hood's Sarsaparilla. Wherever it is given a fair trial it demonstrates its absolute intrinsic merit.

It makes friends easily because it makes people well.

As its sales are rapidly increasing, its volume of praise grows greater day by day. It is now generally recognized as America's Greatest Medicine.

Its use is prescribed by physicians, druggists, and even the great influential newspapers advise correspondents suffering from impure blood to "take Hood's Sarsaparilla."

It has cured the worst cases of scrofula, salt rheum, sores, ulcers, boils, etc., simple and solely because it thoroughly purifies the blood.

It cures catarrh and the pains and aches of rheumatism, neuralgia, malaria, because it neutralizes acidity, expels the germs of disease, and gives the blood vitality and strength.

Hood's Sarsaparilla relieves dyspepsia, indigestion, torpid liver and kidneys, by its qualities as a true stomach tonic, appetizer and aid to digestion.

It cures nervousness, nervous dyspepsia, that tired feeling, weariness of mind and body, because it feeds the nerves, muscles and tissues upon pure blood, and thus gives them the tone and strength they imperatively need. No other medicine cures so firmly.

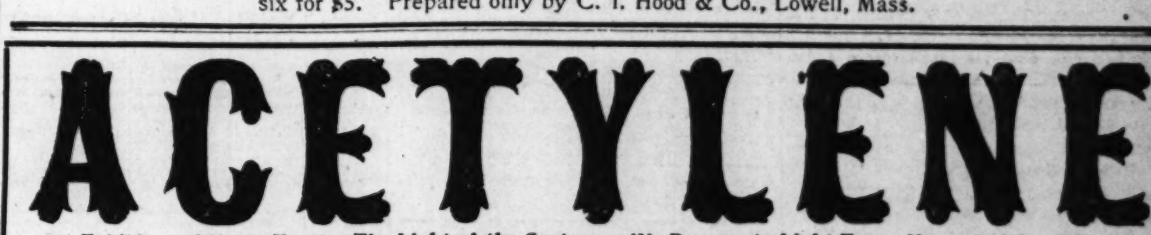
Holds the People's Confidence

It prevents fevers, the grip, colds, etc., because it fortifies and strengthens the system to resist these attacks and the unfavorable effects of changeable, damp, stormy weather.

This is simply what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for others, and what, if you are in need, it will do for you. In your necessity give Hood's Sarsaparilla the opportunity to do you good. Fairly tried, it is a faithful friend.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine. Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.



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SAFOL

FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE. CURE AND PREVENTS Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Influenza, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Swelling of the Joints, Lameness, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Asthma, Difficult Breathing, Hay Fever, Eczema, Itch, Scabies, Sprains, Bruises, Pains in the Back, Chest or Limbs. It was the first and is the only PAIN REMOVER.

That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation and cures Congestions, whether in the Stomach, Bowels or other glands or organs, by one application. A half of a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Colic, flatulency and all internal pains. There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other malarious, Bilious and other fevers, aided by RAILWAY PAINS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Prices Cut in Two. Until Jan. 15th we will cut our prices right in half. Now is your time.

Our \$5.00 set of Teeth.....\$2.50 Our \$10.00 set of Teeth.....\$5.00 Our \$20.00 set of Teeth.....\$10.00 Our \$40.00 set of Teeth.....\$20.00 And all other work at the same reduced prices.

When people visit us from all parts of the world as our testimonials show, it is evident that our work is something out of the ordinary. We are permitted, with pleasure, to refer to a few following well-known patients of ours:

Dr. Wm. S. Dwyer, 200 Park St., Mrs. M. J. Murphy, 3028 Lincoln St., Mr. S. D. Godby, 4207 Vista St., Mrs. J. A. Maurer, East St. Louis, Mr. E. C. Sherman, Collinsville, Ill., Mr. J. A. Piper, Victoria, B. C., H. E. Fairbanks, New York City; Hon. Geo. W. Brown, New York City.

A guarantee given with all work for ten years.

National Dental Parlors, 720 Olive St. Ladies attendants. OPEN DAILY TILL 9 P. M. SUNDAYS, 9 to 4. Free elevator.

CINCINNATI WASHINGTON BIG FOUR ROUTE

Through Fast Trains. Luxurious Cars. Dining Car Service. Smooth Roadway.

WILLIAM P. DRISCOLL, A. G. P. A., Broadway and Chestnut.

arranged the racing records, Ed Sheridan, sporting editor of the Chicago Tribune, has compiled its baseball figures, L. Saxe, sporting editor of the Chicago Record, has made its bicycling and athletic calculations and the Horne Review, the statistician of the horse industry, has cared for the figures about harness racing.

As to Boxing in Chicago. Mayor Harrison is credited with having some original ideas on boxing. In brief, he said that boxing is a game that should be placed in control of boxing in Chicago, and as such he held responsible for the sport. In his scheme a physician would be provided for, whose duty it would be to examine every contestant before he enters the ring to see that the boxer is fit to do and bear the hard work of the arena. Under such control the Mayor's scheme would allow the contents to be stretched out to eight rounds. But will the sporting fraternity agree upon any one man? The Mayor's idea is said to be to get rid of the petty rivalry and nagging by politicians who want to pull off fight after fight.

Chinn & Morgan. The old racing firm of Chinn & Morgan will have a stable of racers this season, all home-bred. They will have nine 2-year-olds, all the best of the world's goods. The sire of Ingomar and others. Next year they will race the first of the great Derby winner, Lissak. The latter is standing at the Chinn farm near Harrodsburg. There are nine of his get in the farm. There were originally 11 of them, but two were destroyed in the fire that recently occurred at the farm.

Pittsburg's Many Fielders. The Pittsburg Post, after reviewing all the players who have filed left field since 1882, namely, Mike Mansell, Charlie Egan, Eddie Glenn, Dairymple, Chief Kelly and Pete Browning, says: "In 1882 came Elmer Smith, the best all-around player the team has ever had in left field. He played the position for six years, and nobody ever played it better. None of his predecessors could do with him in batting, and especially in base running."

When the outdoor racing season opens in the spring it is the intention of many of the fast amateurs to join the professional ranks. Among these are Jimmie Charles, Jr., the one-mile national amateur champion, B. M. Blake of Chicago, the holder of the third of a mile record, H. J. Hills of Providence, John S. Johnson of Worcester, Earl D. Stearns of Buffalo.

The American Sporting Manual of 1928, issued by the Daily Racing Form Publishing Co. of Chicago, is out. It is a handy correct book of the past year's sporting records, of pocket size and handsome proportions. George Silver sells its pugilistic data. Tom Gallagher cares for the billiard figures, F. A. Grunell and Clint Riley have

number were on bicycles enjoying the chase to the limit. It is probably the first fox hunting party that ever went to the chase on bicycles, and the matter is all the more noteworthy when it is considered that it was in what is termed the Arctic North Dakota, but in this case it was in the middle of a winter, and without a particle of snow on the ground, bicycling being as good as in Florida.

Burlington's Carnival. BURLINGTON, Io., Jan. 14.—In regard to the conclusions arrived at at the recent baseball meeting here to organize a carnival by which to raise funds to carry a winning team through the coming season. The plans have been perfected for such an exhibition, which promises to be highly successful. Donations toward the entertainment are coming in from all sides, practically unsolicited, and already amount to what will net more than \$100. The managers of the affair now figure they will raise enough money to last the coming season without the financial struggle of former years.

Gas Belt Baseball League. ELWOOD, Ind., Jan. 14.—The Indiana gas belt will have a baseball league this season composed of Elwood, Muncie, Anderson, Marion, Alexandria and Dunkirk, all the cities having parks. Each city has already created the necessary fund and the league will be organized in a few days at a meeting to be held in Elwood. It will be a seventy-five game schedule and the season will be opened May 1.

Speak Now, Anson, Please. Capt. Adrian C. Anson may now be expected to make some definite move in the shape of his future plans. It was announced by President Hart that something would be done soon after the wedding of the captain's daughter. That important event took place last night, and the business that has kept Anson so hard at work since his return from Europe is now over.

Twenty Years Proof. Tutt's Liver Pills keep the bowels in natural motion and cleanse the system of all impurities. An absolute cure for sick headache, dyspepsia, sour stomach, constipation and kindred diseases.

"Can't do without them." R. P. Smith, Chilesburg, Va., writes I don't know how I could do without them. I have had Liver disease for over twenty years. Am now entirely cured. Tutt's Liver Pills

AMUSEMENTS.

HOPKINS

"VISIONS OF ART." DRAMA. "DISTRICT ATTORNEY." Vandeville-Georgie Gardner. Edna Hill Webb and Hanson, Bonnes and Blossie Val Vanden and others of note.

HAVLIN'S.

23c Matinee, Tues., Thurs. and Saturday. Matinee To-Day at 2. JAMES J. CORBETT. Best Seats 25c. A NAVAL CADET. Next Sunday Mat.—"THE ELIZABETH."

STANDARD.

MATINEES DAILY. MAY HOWARD EXTRAVAGANZA CO. Headed by the Peerless Queen of Burlesque, MAY HOWARD.

Next week—Moulin Rouge Burlesques.

OLYMPIC.

GEORGE H. BROADHURST'S ROARING FARE. What Happened to Jones. Regular Mat. Saturday, To-Day.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 16.

Original Production of the Musical Gem. THE GEISHA

From Daily's Theater, New York-London. Presented by a company of Comic Opera Celebrities. Reserved Seats now on sale.

OLYMPIC. Treasurer Mantz's Benefit NEXT MONDAY.

14TH ST. THEATER.

CORBETT-FITZSIMMONS. Contest reproduced to detail by the VERISCOPE.

Matinee every day at 2:30—25c and 50c. Every evening at 8:30—25c, 50c, 75c. Next Week—"At Pinney Ridge."

IMPERIAL 10th PINE

10 20 30 VAUDEVILLE and THE THREE GUARDSMEN. Performances begin at 1:45 and 7:45. Parquet reserved, at night, 50c.

CENTURY.

DE WOLF HOPPER. In the Brilliant and Tunesful EL CAPTAIN.

Beautiful new costumes and scenery. Chorus of 50. Modern Military Brass Band of 40. Original cast of principals. Reserved seats now on sale.

BEAT ON SALE FOR

Mr. E. H. SOTHERN. Engagement Begins Monday.

GREAT SENSATION!

Don't fail to see the superb exhibit of 200 foreign paintings from Europe and the World's Fair. For the benefit of the St. Louis public. Tickets 10c. Open daily, 10 a. m. to 10 p. m., until Saturday, Jan. 15.

Admission, 25c. Century Building, 608 Olive.

Cochran Going to California.

OAKLAND, Cal., Jan. 14.—Redeef Cochran, the famous Princeton end, will coach the University of California football team next season. Telegrams just received announce that Cochran has promised to come to California. It is probable that Cochran will come to the coast in the spring to take charge of the preliminary work. Captain Percy Williams of the team is a senior at Princeton University.

Hawkins Outpoints Green.

SEATTLE, Jan. 15.—A round boxing exhibition occurred between Dal Hawkins of San Francisco and Jack Green of this city. The contest was fast and scientific, but Green was clearly outpointed. Several preliminary events preceded the Hawkins-Green bout.

St. Louis' Champion Colored Fighter.

James Schook, better known as "Alabama Lad," called at the Post-Dispatch office this morning. He is willing to meet any of the lightweights at 127 pounds. Mr. Schook is a colored man and 21 years old. His residence is 109 Moore street, and he claims to be the colored champion of Missouri at that weight.

Look Out

For imitations of Walter Baker & Co.'s Premium No. 1 Chocolate. Always ask for and see that you get the genuine article made at DORCHESTER, MASS. Every package bears our trade-mark.

Walter Baker & Co. Limited.

SKINS ON FIRE

Skins on fire with torturing, disfiguring, itching burning, bleeding, scaly, and pimply humors. Instantly relieved by a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP, a single application of CUTICURA ointment, the great skin cure, and a full dose of CUTICURA RESOLVENT.

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Keeps throughout the world. PORTER & B. O. CO., Sole Prop. Boston. "How to Cure Torturing Humors," free.

BABY'S SKIN. Gently and safely purified and healed by CUTICURA SOAP.

Trains leave Washington avenue 1:15, 1:34, 1:53, 2:10, 2:29, 4:04, 4:27 and 5:35. Return 2:30, 4:35, 5:30, 6:10, 7:10.

SUNDAY

ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH.

COMIC WEEKLY.

ST. LOUIS, SUNDAY, JANUARY 16, 1898.—COPYRIGHTED BY THE PRESS PUBLISHING CO., 1898.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

To The Editor

I have selected this laugh and these excerpts as perhaps the best divining rods of my life's lighter veins.

Chamney W. S. per.

When I go into a canvas for United States Senator, and make a fool of myself for once in my life, as every man has a right to do, that right being guaranteed by Magna Charta and the Constitution, and propose to surrender the realities and solid comforts of professional income for the cock-and-bull feather of fame, instantly they sling at me all sort of charges about my being wedded to monopoly and the enemy of the people.

A friend of mine, who is an evangelist, told me of how he had converted a whole camp during the war with the exception of one man. The evangelist spoke to a captain about that man, and said: "It is perfectly horrible; the blasphemy of that man curdles the blood. Can't you put me in a position where I can get close enough to him to bring some influence to bear on him?" The captain replied: "I would not permit you to convert that soldier if you could; we would have no one left to swear at the mynah."

Keep in touch with the young. Join in their games, be a partner in the dance, reap the fullest and truest joy which the Virginia reel or the waltz can give, go up to the art college and sit down and learn to play the pipe and sing college songs, take the children to the theatre and bowl with them at the bowling fair and laugh with them at the comedy and cry with them at the tragedy, be their confidant in their love affairs, and, if they are not equal to it, write their love letters, and never stop writing some of yourself. Thus will the transient connect, with its cleaner pleasure, its higher endeavor and its limitless generosity, welcome as an older fellow on the ground and more precious of those who are to solve its problems and make it their own.

Down at Cape Cod last summer I heard of a rough shipper on a whaling voyage who was extremely unkind. The mate shouted to him one day, "Thar she blows and thar she breaches" and the captain says, "I don't see no blow and I don't see no breaching." Pretty soon the mate yells out, "Thar she blows and thar she breaches," the captain yells, "I don't see no blow and I don't see no breaching." Again the mate yells out, "Thar she blows and thar she breaches," the captain says, "Mate, if you think thar she blows and thar she breaches, you can take a boat and go for her." The mate goes and comes back with a dead whale which tried out eighty barrels of oil. The captain said, "Mate, you have done well, and you shall be mentioned to the owner; you will be compensated—praise rewarded." And the mate says, "Cap'n, I don't want no mention, and I don't want no reward; if you don't want no reward—all I want is common civility, and that's the furthest commonest kind."

Columbus stands deservedly at the head of the most useful band of men—the heroic cranks of history.

Up in Pookhill we had at one time that Miller
his comment, what went over the country. Miller
Miller explained that on a certain night at
o'clock the world would come to an end. As
good and pious man, a shoemaker of the village,
believed in Miller's doctrine. A very
evening of the last day, he left his business
parade himself and finally for the third time,
12 o'clock had finally for the third time, and pre-
the shoemaker felt time, and it was to be 12 o'clock,
higher power is to come, he must appeal to God,
if the millennium is to come, he must appeal to some
then I shall be translated at one time and now,
the people were to be translated at one time and now,
happy in doing nothing, one to a land where
pious, let me know now, because I must get to
Prova, show for Sunday morning church or later
the best customer I have."

I was travelling in Turkey. The brigades stopped a train two weeks before we took off for \$50,000. They took off a wealthy farmer from the train ahead of us and got for him \$10,000. "Our train, having space is opportunities never before offered to an enterprising brigand. Mr. Charles Vanderbilt, his two sons and myself brigandage in Turkey since our organization. If ought to be put in the hands of a New York syndicate, but our members put the word and water price put on a business basis. Then I think it could be successfully placed on the London market."

"This is heaven," said St. Peter to a newcomer who did not seem to appreciate his surroundings. "You," said he, "I suppose so; but I am from Rome."

... The distinguished position which he has attained in the hearts and in the estimation of his countrymen has been due to the speeches which he never made. I think it will be admitted by every one that I cannot be accused of climbing that ladder.

When Lincoln first visited Gen. Grant's headquarters the driver of the mules was arguing with his team in that picturesque fashion which the army teamster thinks can best be understood by the mule. Mr. Lincoln's retuke of the blasphemy which he detested, was unique. "My friend," said he, "are you an Episcopalian?" "No, Mr. President, I am a Methodist." "Oh," said Mr. Lincoln, "I thought you were an Episcopalian, because Mr. Secretary of State, Mr. Seward, sometimes talks that way, and he is a warden in the Episcopal Church in Auburn."

I remember, when a boy, my mother always made me attend Friday evening prayer-meetings in our village church at Peekskill. An old Yankee deacon, who had sold me a pair of skates which were of full bull and soft metal, was reciting his intercessions and offering a fervent petition for mercy. He summed up the catalogue by saying: "O Lord, I am morally and spiritually a mass of wounds and bruises and putrefying sores." As we were leaving the church, in my rage about the skates I said: "Well, Deacon, you told the Lord the truth about yourself to-night, anyway." I bear to this day the scars resulting from this frank comment upon the deacon.

A classmate of mine, a preacher, was leader in a Spiritualistic neighborhood, and the leader of the Spiritualists' band died. His next friend came to see the clergyman and said: "We have none of the old Puritan spirit left, though we have received the new spirit of the age. We have no leader buried by Christian eulogism. Will you attend?" My friend, the clergyman, consented, in the best of Christian charity. He gave out the hymn, read a passage of Scripture and made some remarks. Then he turned to the organist and said to the wife of the dead Spiritualist: "Could you read what she had received a communication from her husband." That critical spirit tore the eulogium to pieces, stepped up the Scripture quoted and denounced the hymn. The surviving leader of the Spiritualists then stepped up and said: "We beg your pardon. We had the wrong hymn. The leader would come back here and act in this way, and we hope you will forgive us." "My friend," the clergyman said, "I will forgive you, because it is not for me to judge the dead. I have seen many of this kind in the many ministrations that have been made in the name of Christ, that I have never been assayed by the corpse."

On April 23 Shakespeare, St. George and my
self were born, and I am the only survivor.

A clerical friend of mine told me a capital story of a Yale man who was the stroke over his crew and the chief athlete on the football field. He entered the military and spent years in mission-ary labor in the Far West. Walking one day through the frontier town, he saw some fellows talking the frontier town. The minister stepped in to him and said: "Parson, you don't have come here for a drink!" The minister answered: "Well," he said, "parson, you must have some fun." "Take a drink!" The minister said: "Well," he said, "parson, you must have some fun." "Take a hand in the game." The minister said: "Parson," said the cowboy, "you'll die if you don't have some fun." And he knocked the parson's hat off his head and hit him a wicked slap on the ear.

The old learned's spirit arose; the science which had been learned in the college gymnasium was aroused, and he leaped to the college square, and was soon forgotten for a quarter of a century at cowboy and a howling on the jaw of the street. The parson sent him wandering in the snow. The parson walked over him, as if he had been a door-knocker, and he walked the side of the house, and he walked up and down the sidewalk, as he was carried with him, mopped up the cowboy off, he raised his voice and shouted the cowboy off, he raised his head feebly and said: "The minister, what did you fool me for? You are chock full of fun."

New York and Chicago were both founded upon a broad commercial basis, while conquest and spoliation marked the powers on of their lands by other communities. The Dutch paid the Indians \$24 for Manhattan Island, the founder of Cincinnati gave three hundred shillings for the site of the city and three hundred miles roundabout. That the Irish played picnic-party roundabout. That the history and won back the money, does not impair the commercial legend of the transaction. The city on the island, starting from a commercial basis, has become the metropolis of a commercial empire and one of the three chief cities of the continent.

In New England, when I was a student at New Haven, they distilled a cider, a very peculiar beverage. You wanted a guardian appointed after you had drunk some of it, and it was at that time up in Connecticut a test of orthodoxy. If a man did not murder any of his family or friends after imbibing it, the vitalizing and resisting power of grace and education was recognized, and he became an elder of the church and the general executor for all the estates in the town, and if he did kill any one he was acquitted on the plea of emotional insanity.

A story goes further than an argument and a joke captures more than a speech.

' A Yankee who would brag on the fourth day
of July is unworthy of his birthright.

"They tell the story of a Populist Senator being snaved by an aged colored barber at the Arlington, and remarking to the barber, 'Uncle, you must have had among your customers many of my distinguished predecessors in the Senate—many of the men now dead who have occupied the great places which I fill.' 'Yes, sir,' said the barber, 'I've known most all of dem. By the way, Senator, you remind me of Dan¹ Webster.' The gratified statesman raised in his chair, and, placing his fingers upon his head, said: 'Is it my brow?' 'No, no,' said the barber, 'it is your brow.'"

A SYMPOSIUM OF CARTOONISTS

THE GREAT BUSH WRITES AND DRAWS ABOUT CARTOONING.

Dean of the Profession Talks a little Shop.

BY C. G. BUSH.

A cartoon is an editorial drawn instead of written. Perhaps it has an advantage over an editorial because those who cannot read can always understand the picture language.

Half the alleged cartoons are not cartoons—they are comics. A cartoon must have a moral purpose. Humor is not the ultimate end, although it is a valuable aid.

If I were offering advice to the younger men in the profession I should say: "First have a purpose, then make a point."

The Modern St. George and the Dragon.



John Bull
"I'm beginning to feel a
little hungry myself."

Editor World Comic Supplement:
We Philadelphians have been too busy clipping coupons for several weeks to give much thought to politics of the family affairs of foreign potentates. But this subject still haunts our dreams and furnishes a warm topic that is cheaper than coal.
R. CYLDE SWAYZE, Philadelphia Inquirer.

A DUEL TO THE DEATH IN CHICAGO.



World Comic Supplement:
"To be the pen or the plough? Shall we draw 'pitchers' or go back to the farm? Near Buffalo, at rt. lives Senator Ellsworth. He says it will be the farm. We shall see. The World's idea of holding nally a cartoonists' symposium—showing the length, the breadth, the catholicity of the cartoon idea—national. It is good newspaper work."
W. W. CARROLL, Buffalo Enquirer.



World Comic Supplement:
Consider this my best national cartoon.
CHARLES SORKA, Chicago Record



Editor World Comic Supplement:
In the cartoon of the past the public man was generally pictured as an Alexander the Great or a character of mythology, while in the popular cartoon of to-day he plays the "New Bully" or gets mixed up in "A Hot Time in the Old Town," &c.
Cartoonists are the poorest judges of their own pictures.
Yours for caricature and the man who "swats"
Tom Platt,
C. M. PAYNE, Pittsburg Post.

'CAUSE WHY!

On a cable car I've never performed
That truly courteous feat
Of rising to oblige a lady—'cause
I've never yet had a seat!



World Comic Supplement:
"A few words" you want to know what I am making cartoons, I will say that I try to make sure fit the text and the text fit the picture, as simple as possible, and please the many than offend the few.
THOMAS MAY, Detroit Journal.



Editor World Comic Supplement:
Your request for my best cartoon puzzles me. If you had only wished me to send you my worst I could have punched them all together, shut my eyes and made a grab. But my best. Believe me, I was a
R. C. BOWMAN, Minneapolis Tribune.



Editor World Comic Supplement:
Hanna, to the cartoonist, is a many sided man—one day the heavy villain of the political stage, the next the low comedian; one day the bold, blustering, swearing pirate of politics, the next a song and dance man. The idea of making McKinley a pathetic puppet, tied to Hanna and giving him his hobby horse protection, always carries an effective point, be the cartoon comic or serious. The strong and powerful cartoons of The World have once more started the Anti-Cartoon bill agitation. It shows what work a cartoonist depends on the newspapers, and when they don't give him a
RYAN WALKER, Kansas City Times.



Editor World Comic Supplement:
Ideas for cartoons have been scarce in the past few weeks. I haven't an idea for a cartoonist depends on the newspapers, and when they don't give him a
JOHN F. O'HARA, Pittsburg Times.

AND A CONGRESS OF COMICS

SOME AIRY TRIFLES THAT WERE BUILT IN SPAIN.

Samples of the best Spanish humor selected and translated for the Sunday World Comic Weekly by the editor of Las Novedades, the Spanish daily in New York.



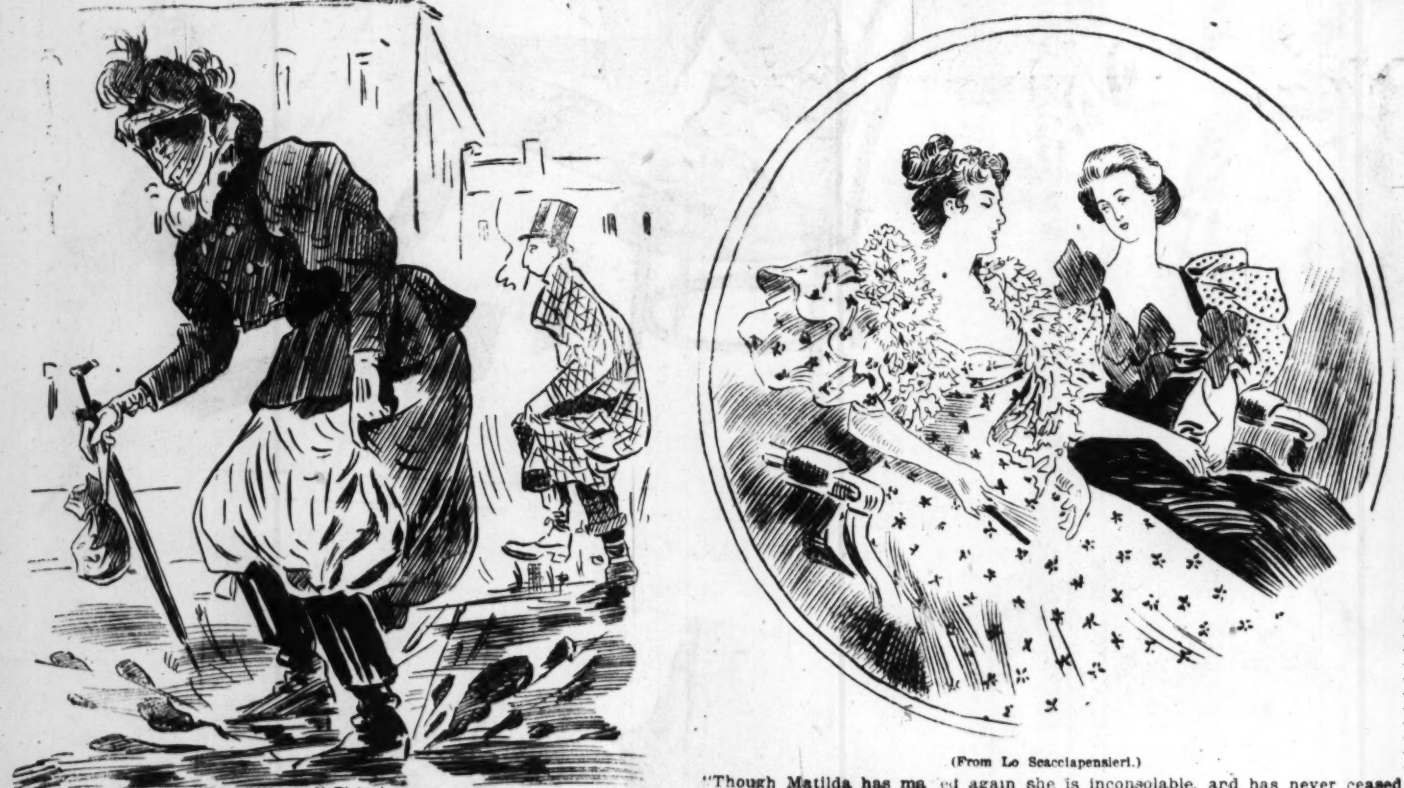
(From Madrid Comico.)
"This thermometer is worthless. I know that it is colder outside to-day than it was yesterday, and yet this thing is stationary. It never moves up or down, no matter what the weather is."

(From Madrid Comico.)
"Most extraordinary weather. I feel quite warm about my neck, while the rest of my poor body is shivering."

(From Madrid Comico.)
"If the fur on the outside of this coat were only inside it would keep any one warm."

THESE FRENCH JOKES MAKES GAY PAREE EVEN GAYER.

Humor from the latest French comic papers selected and translated for the Sunday World Comic Weekly by the editor of the Courier des Etats-Unis.



(From L'Homme de Piste.)
An indispensable costume for a lady who does not want to stay in the house all winter.

(From Le Scapinier.)
"Though Matilda has married again she is inconsolable, and has never ceased feeling sorry because of her first husband's death."
"Her second husband also feels sorry because of it."

THE GERMAN TEMPERAMENT IS SUPPOSED TO BE STOLID AND DULL—BUT THESE AREN'T SO BAD, ARE THEY?



WAR DANCE FOR AMERICAN DOLLARS.
The Gods of Mars in Germany have this idea of our girls.



JAPANESE.
Anybody can see what the little Chink is doing. This is a Japanese joke on their Chinese brethren's pigtail.



IN THE ANIMAL RESTAURANT.
Baron—When do you feed the beasts?
Walter—Beg pardon, Baron, haven't you?

THE ITALIAN IDEA OF HUMOR.

Recent Italian humor selected for the Sunday World Comic Weekly and translated by the editor of Il Progresso Italo-Americano.



HER PUNCTUATION MIXED.
(From La Caricature.)

Mother (writing to son at college)—Your father the donkey, your sister the cow, and myself are all well.



IN THE MOUNTAINS.
(From the Journal Amusant.)

Tourist—You say that is a natural cascade, and yet you charge a franc for viewing it?
Guide—Certainly, it is natural. And, of course, we have to charge a fee, as it cost 20,000 francs to build it.

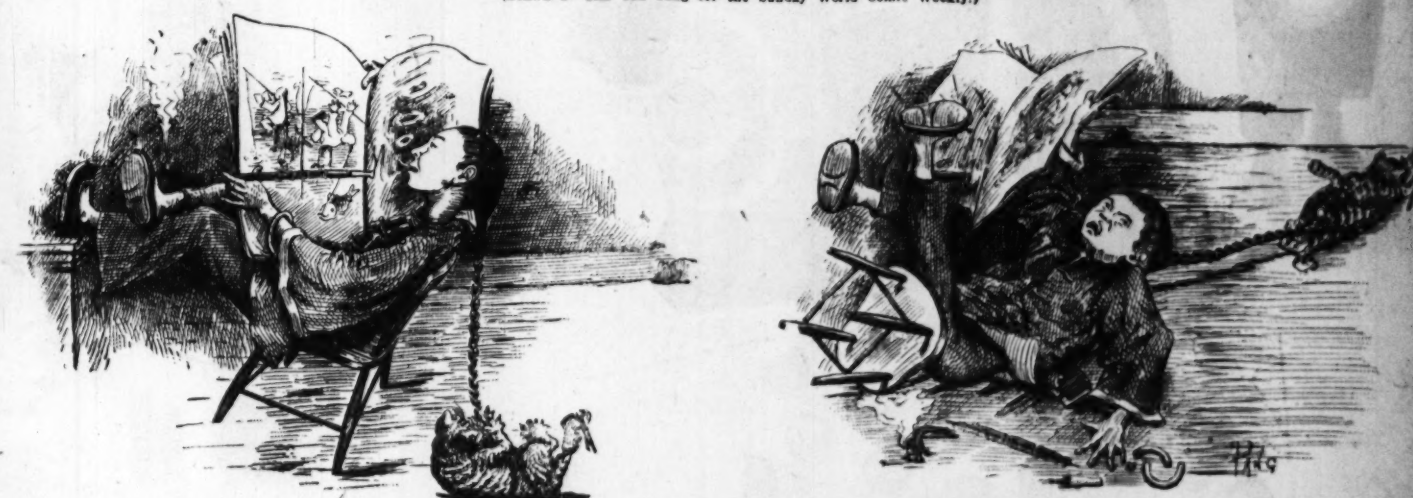


A GREAT INVENTION.
(From Le Rire.)

Inventor—You say that you have heard of a telescope that will bring the moon to within a yard of us? That is nothing. The telescope on which I am working will bring the moon so close you will have to turn around to see it.

A CHINESE ARTIST DRAWS AN AMERICAN COMIC.

(Drawn by Sim Yon Tang for the Sunday World Comic Weekly.)



History repeats itself—Compare the picture in the book to what happened to the Chinaman.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 16, 1898.

PRISMATICS IN EVERYDAY LIFE

Confusions That Result from Too Much Color.

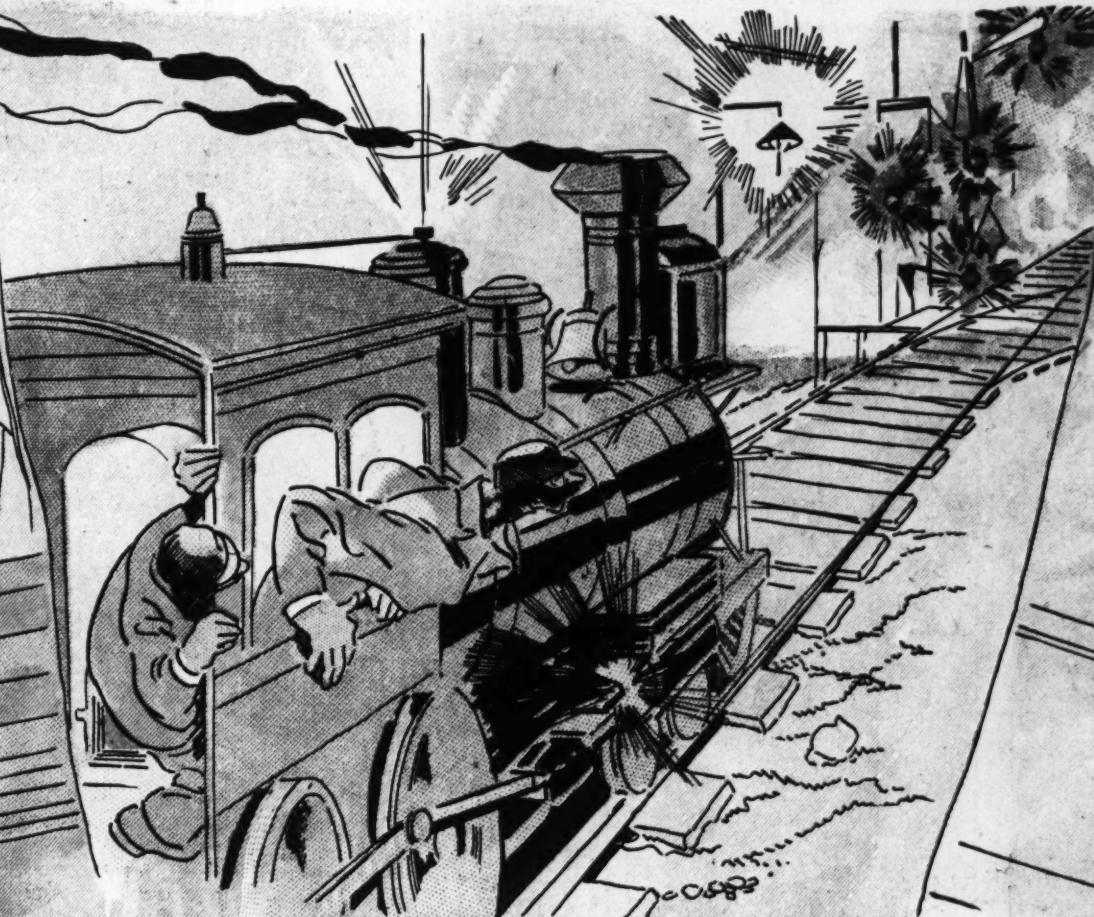


COMICS TOLD

FOR THE SECOND TIME IN THE HISTORY OF MEN, NATIONS AND COLORED SUPPLEMENTS—



CRAZY-QUILT TRAMP.



MULTITUDINOUS LIGHTS THAT CONFUSE OUR ENGINEERS.



OVER-DRESSED DIAMOND-WEARING FOOL.



NOBLE RED MAN'S FACIAL COLORS.



TATTOOED MAN—THE PERSONIFICATION OF PRISMATIC HUES.

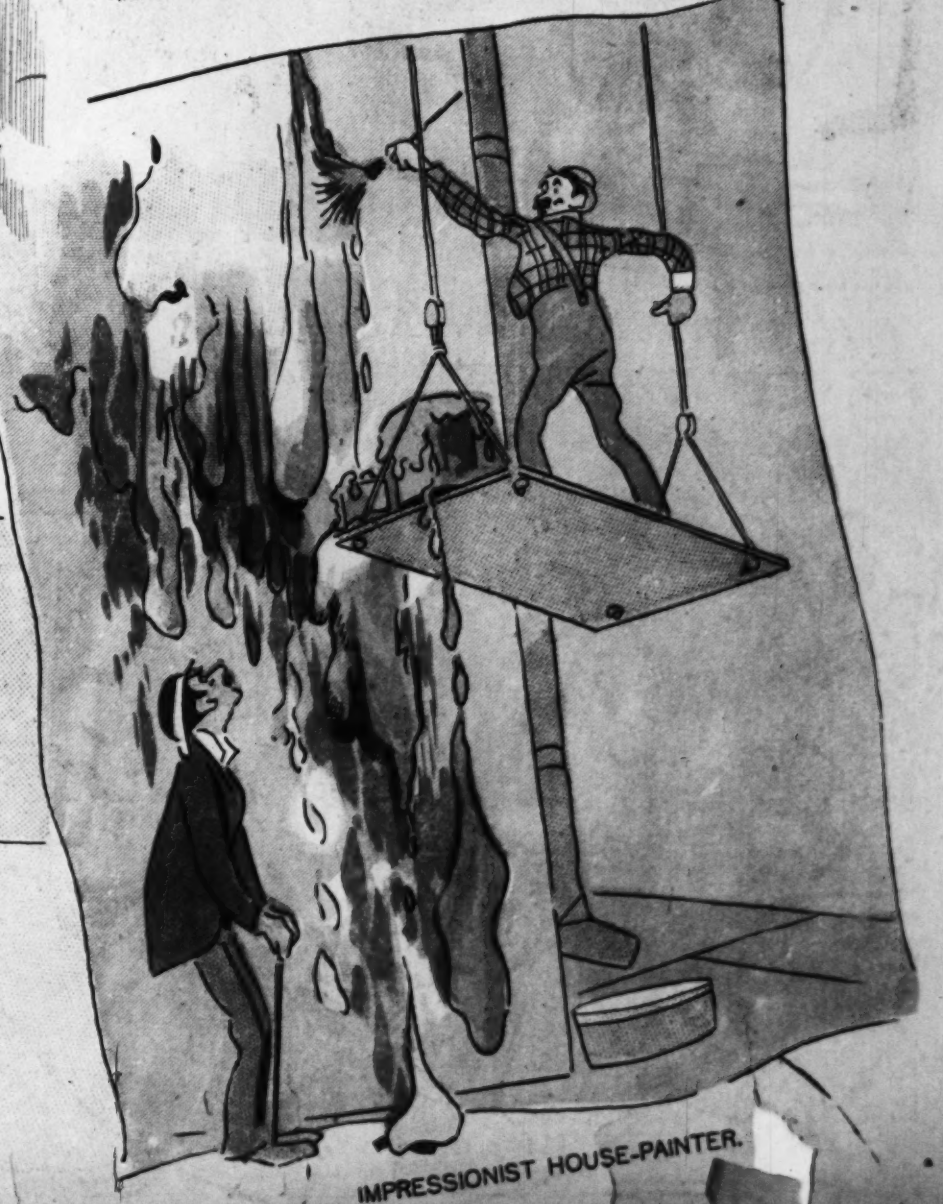


DAGO WOMAN WITH HER VARI-COLORED DRESS.



MIRRORED BALLROOMS THAT CONFUSE.

PRISMATIC GLITTER IN SALOONS TO ATTRACT THE UNWARY.



IMPRESSIONIST HOUSE-PAINTER.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 16, 1898.

BY COLORS!

THE FIRST TIME BEING ON THE LAST PAGE OF THE COMIC SUPPLEMENT OF LAST WEEK.

OUR PURPLE AMERICAN ROYALTY.

Suggestions of Kingly and Queenly Things on This Side of the Water.



BY THE BEST COMIC ARTISTS AND WRITERS.

THEORY VS. PRACTICE

"I think that the wife should keep her end of the row and not bother her husband in any way," said Mrs. Kindly to Mrs. Frett. "The husband is the bread winner and he must have care and worries enough of his own without being burdened and bothered with the petty domestic trials of his wife."

"That is just what I think," said Mrs. Frett, with decision. "If Mr. Frett will keep up his end of the row I'll keep up mine."

But when Frett came home to supper this was what his wife said by way of enlivening the evening meal:

"Such a time as I had to-day! I thought I should go crazy. The washwoman didn't come until after 10 o'clock. She said that one of her children was sick, but I don't believe it. Anyhow, I had to send Bridget down to start the washing and I had to do up the breakfast dishes, and if there is anything I simply loathe and despise it is dishwashing. You men can be thankful that you don't have any of it to do. Then they were fixing a water main somewhere in this neighborhood and they shut the water off for two hours. They always do such things on Monday, just when one needs water most."

It is so provoking! And what do you think Johnnie did to-day? He climbed up the china closet shelves looking for some cement I had up there and knocked down and broke my cut-glass pickle dish. I cried over it, and I told him you'd punish him for it, but I don't suppose you will. You think that the entire discipline of the children belongs to me—as if they weren't as much yours as mine! And Lizzie spilled a lot of ink on that handsome table cover in the sitting-room that it took me days and days to make, and I put her to bed for it! And Bridget went and burned the bottom nearly out of that nice porcelain kettle that I got only last week, and she was just as impertinent as she could be when I spoke to her about it. She's getting so there's no living in the house with her anyhow, and I think you ought to speak to her about the way she wastes coal. She piles the stove full to the very lids when there's no earthly need of it, but it does no good for me to speak to her about it. I do get so provoked with her! And then I happened to open a trunk in the store-room to-day and found it alive with moths, and I suppose that the whole store-room is full of them, and that means days and days of work for me. I just made me sick when I found them, and I suppose that there are buffalo bugs there, too, and I'm sure that the gas leaks somewhere about this house, for I smell it every once in a while, and I'm awfully afraid that the plumbing is out of repair, and I don't see why you don't have a man come and see about it. I declare if you men don't have an easy time of it turning everything over to your wives!"

"I don't care if it is," said his mother-in-law sharply. "You know that seventy is not warm enough for me. You like it away down to sixty-eight, but I've got to have it about seventy-three to be real comfortable. So you go down and stir that furnace up a little. I'll get the key to the store-room and you might bring up a plate of those choice Bellerose apples and some nuts. I have to keep the store-room locked and carry the key myself," she explained to Higgins. "If I didn't Watson would ruin his digestion eating all sorts of things between meals. Don't you think that he looks better than he looked before he was married?"

"I don't know," said Higgins. "I'm sure he does. And it's chiefly because I've made him give up coffee for breakfast. Coffee isn't fit to put in any one's stomach and I won't have a grain of it in the house. Then I've put a stop to the warm rolls Watson wanted every evening. Hot bread isn't fit for any one to eat and there'll be no more of it on our table. And I've had Watson give up pastry altogether. When I first came here they had it twice a day, but I soon put a stop to that, and my daughter and Mr. Watson both look and feel a great deal better for it."

"I see that you've had your house painted," said Higgins, during the lull that followed the last remark.

"Yes, I"—began Watson, but his wife's mother broke in with:

"Don't you think it looks very neat and pretty. Mr. Higgins? I chose the colors. Watson wanted it painted slate color, with white trimmings, but I wanted a livelier color, so I countermanded his order to the painter and had it painted in the warm, rich tints of brown you see on it. Men have so little taste when it comes to selecting colors. I select Watson's ties for him now. He used to wear such dreadful ones. He needed a mother-in-law to look after him if ever a man did."

"I'll be a cold day before a mother-in-law looks after me," was Higgins's mental comment as he walked homeward. But that was what Watson had said.

THEORY VS. PRACTICE

INVALID (from the ef-fete East)—You say the climate here in Arizona is very healthful, but I notice that you have what seems to be quite a large cemetery for a town of this size. What class of people appear to have the greatest disposition toward longevity?

Coyote Sam—Well, stranger, we've got two deaf-and-dumb fellows with us that have been here for fifteen years, and their chance for livin' are as good to-day as when they first set foot in the gulch.

HE SAW HER.

"I'd smile to see the mother-in-law who could come into my house and dictate to me like that," said Watson to his friend Higgins one evening about a year ago when they were returning home after a call on young Bixby, whose wife's mother lived with him and who was a trifle officious.

Watson was married a few months ago and his mother-in-law, an inmate of his home, and this is what Higgins heard when he called there the other evening. Watson had said that he had concluded to give up smoking, and his mother-in-law said:

"Yes, he has. I told him that it was not good for him and that that was a sinful and expensive habit, and I can't bear the smell of tobacco, and I wouldn't have it in any house in which I have to live."

"Supposing we have a game of cards," proposed Higgins, but before Watson could reply Mrs. Watson's mother said severely:

"Mr. Watson has given up cards. I did not approve of them and I wouldn't have a game of cards played in this house while I am here. I regard card-playing as distinctly immoral and billiards are not much better. There is a big room up on the third floor of this house that Watson wanted fitted up as a billiard room, but I wouldn't allow it. I think that a billiard table gives a mighty low tone to a house, and there'll never be a billiard table go into that or any other room in this house while I'm here. Watson, you go down cellar and see if the furnace drafts are not closed. I feel chilly."

"Why, it's seventy in this room," replied Watson, looking at a thermometer near him.

"I don't care if it is," said his mother-in-law sharply. "You know that seventy is not warm enough for me. You like it away down to sixty-eight, but I've got to have it about seventy-three to be real comfortable. So you go down and stir that furnace up a little. I'll get the key to the store-room and you might bring up a plate of those choice Bellerose apples and some nuts. I have to keep the store-room locked and carry the key myself," she explained to Higgins. "If I didn't Watson would ruin his digestion eating all sorts of things between meals. Don't you think that he looks better than he looked before he was married?"

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HE SAW HER.

HE SAW HER.

HE SAW HER.

HE SAW HER.

HE SAW HER.

JOYS OF WINTER.



IF I HADN'T A JAG ON I'D NEVER BE ABLE TO DO BLACK WIRE WALKING TOGETHER HOME!



THE INSTRUMENT SHOULD BE HELD TO PLACE THE HOUSE IF IT WAS AS EXPERT AS FORMALLY



CHICKEN FOR DINNER TONIGHT I HEARD MY WIFE TELL THE COOK, LUCKY I REMEMBER IT



FORTUNATE I BOUGHT THESE GLOVES THEY ARE BETTER THAN SNOW-BOOTS



IF I'M NOT MISTAKEN THAT END ONE IS MINE



THE ADVANTAGE OF OWNING A HORSE AND SLED

SI BLOOMER'S BRINDLE HEN.

DEVOTIONAL ITEM.

"Say, I've heard of ole Si Bloomer?" ejaculated the old man as he bit off a piece of navy plug. "uster keep hens. Hens wuz jes' about Si's size, 'cause he wuz the dumbest laziest man I ever seed, by gum! He wuz so dum lazy that he uster kick at hev'n' ter go out an' pick up the eggs."

"But Si wuz great on figgers. Git Si sot down with his feet on a railin' an' he would figger all day without stoppin' fer his meals."

"Wul, one day Si got ter figgerin' on hens. Say, I've figger on hens? By gravy! with an ole stub pencil an' a piece of brown paper ye kin figger out more money then in forty gold mines! The way that Si figgered wuz this: Thet if one hen laid one egg, two thousan' hens would lay two thousan' eggs, which at one cent apiece would be twenty dollars a day."

"Wul, thet set Si plum crazy an' he went inter the hen business."

"But somehow or other the thing didn't pan out ez he had figgered, so he sot down ter figger hit out."

"'Hit's plum plain ter me," said Si, 'thet some of these yere hens don't realize their responsibility in this yere financial transaction. I ain't goin' ter hev any star boarders on this yere hen ranch, an' if them yere hens don't do their full duty ter their country they're goin' in the pot, by gum! I ain't got time, 'thet wuz a favorite expression of his; he never did hev time fer anything except ter figger—'I ain't got time,' said he, 'ter wait on them yere hens ter see what hens ar' doin' their full duty an' what hens ar' not!'"

"So he sot down ter figger hit out."

"Wul, hit took him a whole plum week ter figger hit out, an' then he went ter work an' built a sort of contraphun for the hens ter lay in, an' in this yere contraphun he had a sort of kodak attachment, so that when the hens went in ter lay thet yere machine took their pictures, an' all thet Si had ter do ter find out what hens were laying wuz ter develop them pictures."

"Wul, thet day he got twenty-five eggs an' twenty-five pictures. But when Si came ter develop them that things he nearly had a fit, fer he found that he had twenty-five pictures of an ole brindle hen that he had."

"Bust my galluses!" said Si, 'if thet ole brindle hen of mine ain't gone an' laid twenty-five eggs in one day!'"

"Wul, he sot down an' went ter figgerin' agin, an' the way that he figgered hit out wuz this way: thet if one hen laid twenty-five eggs in one day two thousan' hens would lay fifty thousan' eggs, which at one cent apiece would be five hundred dollars a day."

"Now, what I want ter do," said Si, 'is ter git two thousan' hens like thet ole brindle hen, an' my fortune is made!'"

"Wul, thet day he got forty-five eggs an' forty-five pictures of thet darned ole brindle hen! 'Gosh all hainocks!' said Si, an' he went ter figgerin' agin; but he had ter give hit up, 'cause the figgers were gittin' beyon' him. An' thar wuz another thing thet Si couldn't see, an' thet wuz how thet ole brindle hen got time ter eat. So he jes' laid around the next day an' kept his eye on thet ole hen."

"Wul, he found out how thet ole hen worked hit, an' hit busted his figgers plum high."

"Yo see, thet ole hen had got inter thet yere picture arrangement, an' so she jes' hung round thet yere machine 'till some hen came round what wanted ter lay an egg, an' then she would slide in an' spring the machine an' hev her picture took, an' then she would lie in the hen what wanted ter lay an egg."

"What made her do hit? Wul, I'm dumbed if I know. But Si kinder figgered hit out thet seel'n thet wuz nothin' but an ole hen she wuz jes' naturally vain."

LOST.

The smoke curled out of the windows in thick, black clouds; every now and then the red tongues of flame darted through it, lighting up the faces of the people opposite. Yes; the building was doomed.

But the firemen were working bravely and had saved all the men, women and children.

Suddenly a fair young thing rushed up to one of the firemen. Her hair was hanging down her back and her beautiful eyes wide open with horror.

"Oh, save it!" she cried, pointing to the second-story window. "Save it, for it is not mine!"

A brave fireman came to her.

"Tell me where it is and I will save it or die in the attempt."

"Heaven will reward you!" she cried. "That room up there—there's where I left it. Oh, save it!"

With a fearless smile the laddie mounted the ladder amid the cheers of the populace.

"How odd was it?" asked another woman of the fair young thing.

"Only a month," cried the distracted woman. "Oh, Heaven, he is coming back without it!"

"Madam," said the fireman sadly, "I could find no child."

"Child!" she screamed, "I said nothing about a child."

"Then what in the blankity blank did you want me to save?" asked the puzzled laddie.

"The new chainless bike which I rented!" And then she fainted away.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

"Sir," remarked the Boston housewife with more than her usual frigidity, "while I am not in the habit of addressing strangers—and especially of the opposite sex—without the formality of an introduction, yet in the present instance I am constrained to so far depart from conventionalities as to inform you that unless you immediately withdraw your objectionable presence from my back garden I shall release from my irksome confinement the canine guardian of our household effects, who will thereupon speedily reduce those molecules of which, according to the atomic theory, your corporeal entity is composed, to the painful condition of a pulp."

"Madam," replied the Boston tramp with great dignity, "allow me in the first place to express to you my sincere congratulations upon that lofty independence of character which has enabled you to so effectively cast off in my favor the shackles of etiquette. In the second place, it grieves me to inform you that although I shall be happy to make your dog's acquaintance, yet I fear that the pleasant expectations you have formed regarding the consequences of our meeting will be frustrated, for the reason that for many years my nutriment has been largely composed of home-made pie and blinding-house steak. I am afraid, therefore, that if you carry out your present intentions your dog, when he has concluded his operations upon a person, will undoubtedly require the services of a dentist."

"I must have another prayer book," said Nellie to her mother.

"Another one? What's the matter with the one you got yesterday?"

"I've finished it. Read the last chapter yesterday."

FROM THE HAWVILLE CLARION.

After two long years of fierce hating after wars of words and the exchange of bitter charges and bitter counter-charges, after the heaping on each other's heads of vitriolic epithets enough to have burned the hair all off from a buffalo robe as large as Lake Titicaca, we are at last rid of Brother Lanks, the editor of our loathsome contemporary, the Bugle.

Lanks villified us without stint, and we stigmatized him without limit; we hated him cordially and consistently, and he returned our hatred with interest; we more than once threatened to assassinate him, and he might have done so if he had ever got us cornered; but, in spite of it all, when we saw him last night departing on the top side of a saw-edged rail, clad in his close-fitting coat of tar, buttoned on with a broom and gally trimmed with hen feathers, and up-borne on the shoulders of his erstwhile friends, we could not help but feel sorry for him.

While we had in the past charged him with many crimes, which we could have come as near proving on him as he could to substantiating the many offenses he laid at our door, we did not believe him guilty of the charge which caused his enforced exodus.

In writing up the amateur minstrel performance, given by the society ladies of this city last Wednesday night, we believe we meant to say that "the participants, with one or two exceptions, all filled their parts to perfection," and, from our intimate knowledge of the perversity of inanimate objects in the printer's craft, we are sure that it was only a typographical error which caused the substitution of an "n" for the "t" in the word "parts." But the relatives of the scandalized minstrels gave him no time for explanation, and Brother Lanks and her beautiful eyes wide open with horror.

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"The new chainless bike which I rented!" And then she fainted away.

ALARMING SYMPTOM

"Doctor," began the kind-hearted business man when he had been ushered into the physician's consulting room, "I have just dropped in to see you about a juvenile protoge of mine in whom I take a great interest—I mean my office boy."

He has been with me now for going on three years, and until quite recently I considered him one of the brightest little fellows I ever had in my employ. But lately he has acted so unlike his usual self as to cause me considerable anxiety. I fear that either from excessive cigarette smoking, too many dime novels, or some other similar cause, his mind has been seriously affected."

"What are the symptoms which have led you to this conclusion?" inquired the physician. "Does he show any signs of mental abstraction, lassitude or disinclination to perform his duties?"

"Not more than usual," replied the business man. "No, I can't say that there is any visible change in his outward demeanor. What leads me to fear for his reason is the fact that it is over two weeks since the last time his grandmother died."



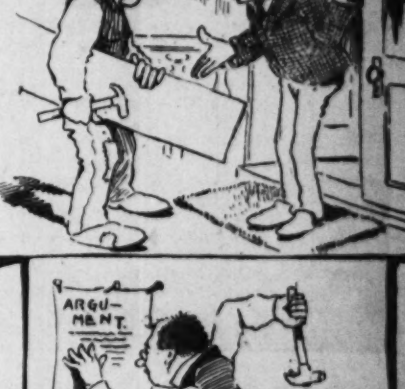
LAW IS A TRADE.



MAKING A GOOD CASE



BECOMING A NEW PAPER



MAKING AN ARGUMENT



ARGUMENT



DRAWING UP AN AGREEMENT



MAKING A POINT



HAD IT CINCHED

Flim-Miss Gotrox is too reserved

Flam-Naturally. She's reserved

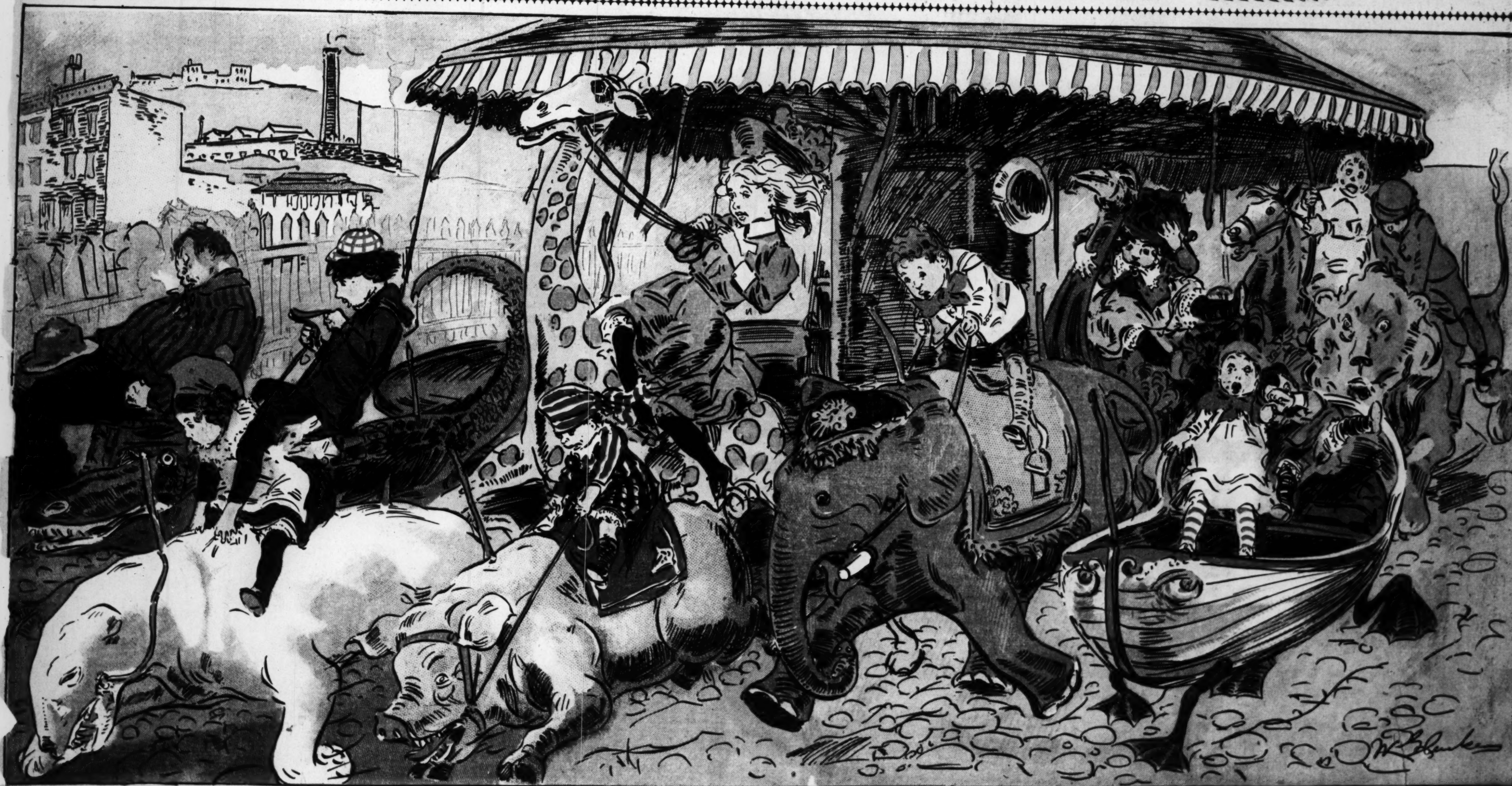
SUNDAY, JANUARY 16, 1898.

NEW FUN FOR CHILDREN

Artists Luks and Glackens Draw Quaint Things About Kids and Animals



MOSE, THE GREAT TRAINED CHICKEN RUNS AN INGUBATOR SHOW.



THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDERS SUDDENLY DISCOVER THAT THE ANIMALS ARE ALIVE.

They're off and madly whirling
Around the magic ring.
Their ribbons are unfurling;
They're wild enough to sing.
The organ-grinder's grinding
Tune that makes them go;
Respect's simply blinding—
Joy they overflow.

The elephant and tiger,
The ostrich and giraffe,
Seen on the flowing Niger
To cast the limpid laugh.
And then the alligator,
The ostrich and the pig,
Seen at the hot equator
To illustrate the jig.

And so they go a-skiping
Around the rosy course,
The children madly whipping
The polar bear and horse.
To make them do some blowing
Throughout the dashing heat,
And keep the grass from growing
Beneath the boat's feet.

Each rider like a spider
Glides swift upon the wing.
Like any circus rider
In any circus ring.
The animals, all raptures,
Smile with unconscious art,
As on the fly they capture
The tunes they know by heart.

But suddenly the grinder
His frenzied grinding stops;
To dreams, ardent, kinder,
His spirit gayly pops.
The animals are frightened,
Their visions quickly slump,
And all their thoughts are heightened,
They rear and kick and jump.

While thus they take to dancing
The ostrich sings serene
"When we are through this prancing
Let's gambol on the green!"
So they describe in fitting
A scene of making tracks,
With all the children aching
Like soldiers on their backs.

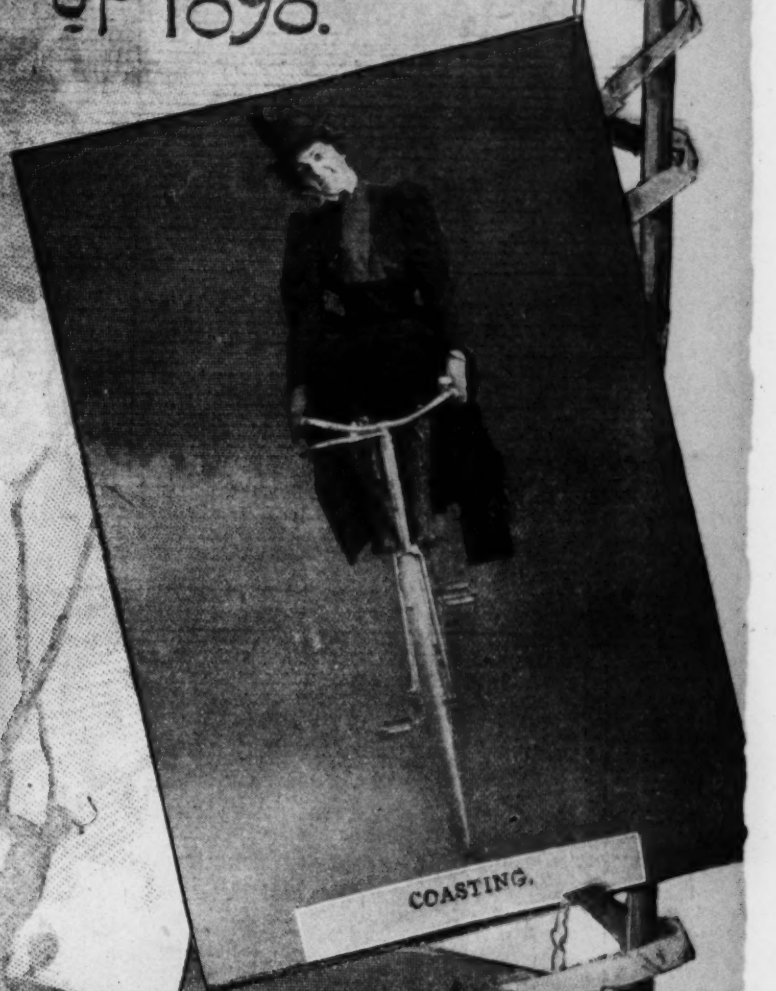
MUMFISTICK

THE WOMAN'S WORLD.

THE BICYCLE GIRL
OF 1898.



YES, I CAN RIDE WITHOUT
HANDS



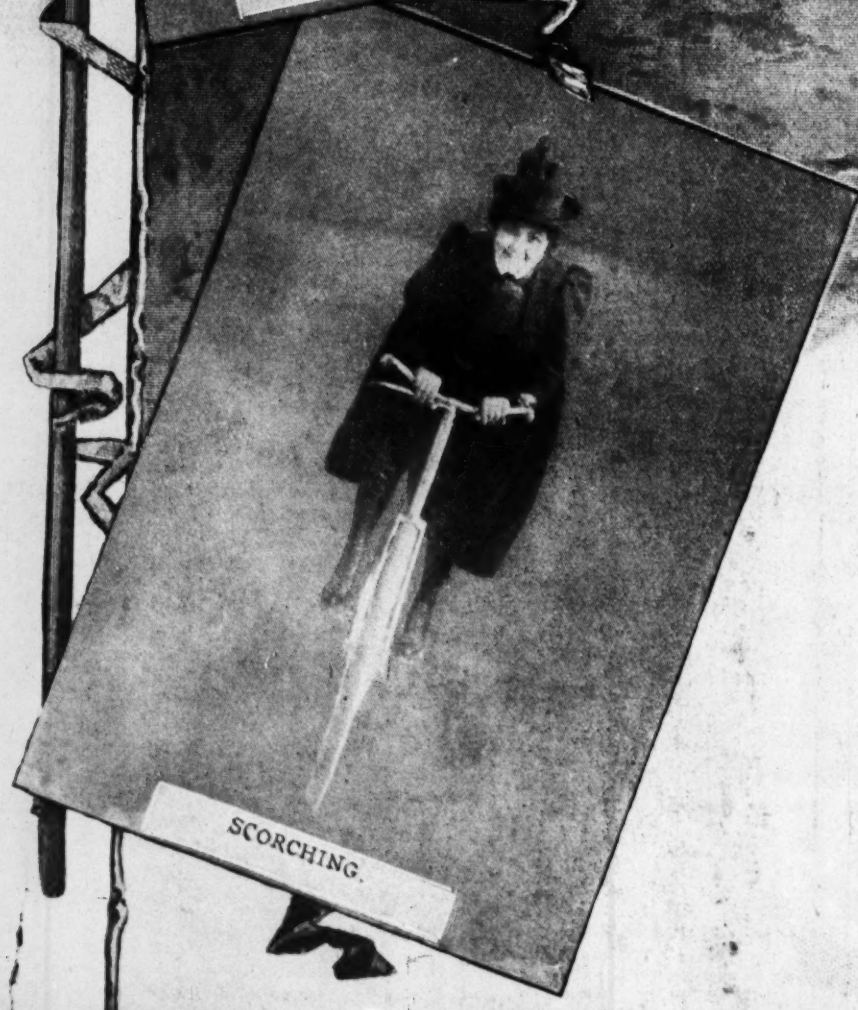
COASTING.



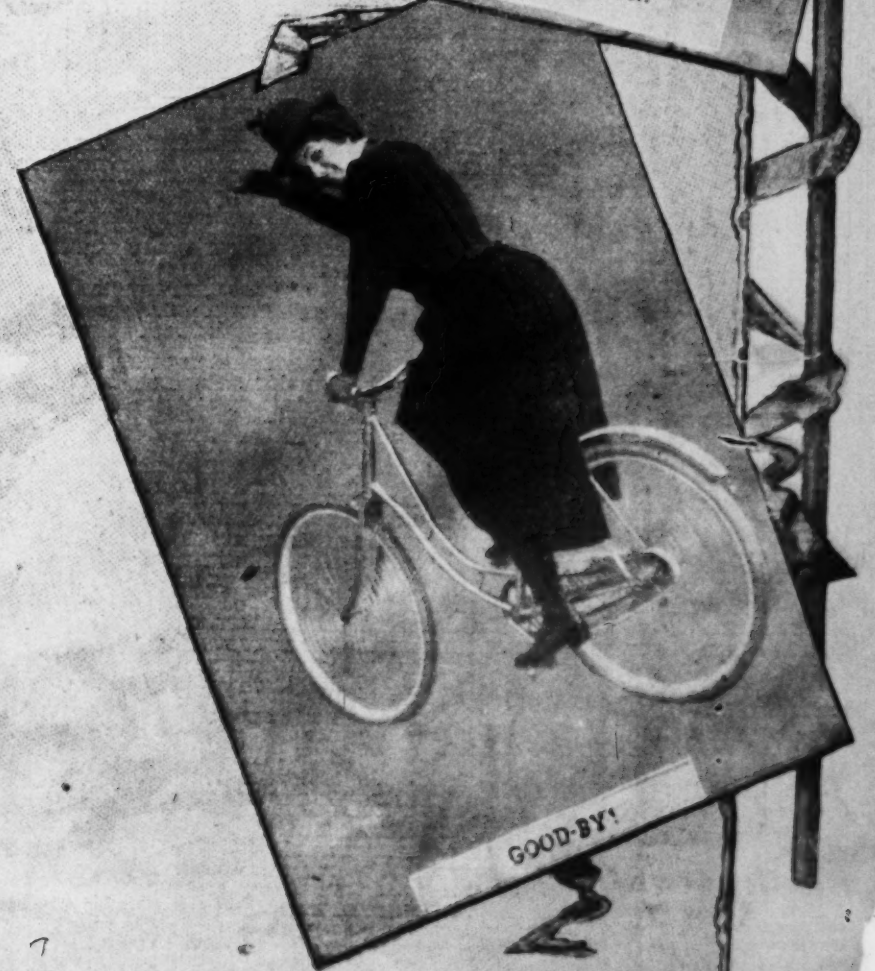
MAKING A SHARP TURN.



HARD UP-HILL WORK.



SCORCHING.



GOOD-BY!



WINTER CYCLING COSTUME OF FUR.
(From a sketch made by a Sunday World artist.)

CHICAGO'S WOMAN PHOTOGRAPHER.

The best business woman in Chicago is Beatrice Tonnesen, who, still a girl, controls and conducts one of the largest photographic studios in the Western metropolis.

Hardly two years since this enterprising young woman left her home in Wis., after cajoling her parents into fitting her out with photographic

child Beatrice demonstrated business ability she developed this gift was with an intense te. This very nation first as if when Miss became absorbed work. As soon as she was situated from the school she established a small studio in view of Menom. After a few weeks there, where herself to acquire thorough technique of the art, seen decided to open in Chicago. He later the man found her with the most success. Her studio is handsomely furnished, and Miss Tonnesen employs a large number of assistants, who adjust the sitters the pictures. Miss Tonnesen makes a specialty of art photography, employing a large number of models for this great number use her art and some of the pictures used in the paper are the Miss Tonnesen. Miss Tonnesen has a very personable personality. She is decidedly a re-ener, but underlying this is the forceful of the typical Western girl, who combines and executive ability. In appearance she is blonde and is stamped with the under- of good breeding, bearing evidence of position which she occupies. Many pictures have been made by Miss Tonnesen specially for the Sunday World.

NEW YORK TYPES—THE SUBURBAN SHOPPER.

That a woman expends half of her energy in looking for bargains is a well-known fact. Of course she can never be made to believe this; to her it is pastime, the very zest of life. Some women have a regular day in each week in which to carry on the pleasures of the chase, but to the suburban resident this is not possible. Only at considerable intervals is she able to come to town to do the city shops.

Brisk and alert she arrives in the morning, ready to subjugate floor-walkers and shop girls. From store to store she goes in the endeavor to save pennies, regardless of the fact that the fatigue and excitement may superinduce nervous prostration. It is so much better to pay 98 cents than \$1. So on she goes, on economical thoughts intent, until night finds her homeward bound, worn out, both mentally and physically, but with both arms triumphantly clasping the great and wonderful bargains.

NEWEST STAGE DEBUTANTE.

"I NDEED, yes; I always intended going on the stage as soon as father would let me," and Gertrude Coghlan nodded her flaxen head emphatically.

She was getting ready to have her Juliet photograph taken for The World, and chattered away at her ease while arraying herself in the robe and wreath of Juliet.

"I never studied for the stage, you understand," she continued. "I have never been to any schools of acting, nor in fact to schools of any kind. My father has been my only teacher in everything."

"Yes, of course; he has been in this country half the time, but I have gone back and forth in order to be with him as much as

possible. I have crossed the ocean forty-nine times—more than twice for every year of my life, you know," and Miss Coghlan laughed merrily, happy with the light weight of her eighteen summers.

"When it was not convenient to go to America," she continued, winding a string of pearls around her throat while she talked, "mamma and I stayed in England, generally in London."

"Father never allowed me to 'learn pieces,' recite in public or do anything of that sort. He always said it was better to wait until I was ready really to work and then start with no bad tricks to unlearn."

"This is my very first experience on the stage, and I like it immensely. 'It's in the blood, you know,' as they say in 'The Royal Box,'" commented Miss Gertrude airily.

"Privately, though, I'll tell you that my greatest desire is to sing in light opera. Father says that I have a very good mezzo-soprano voice and that some day I may try it."

"Father has a beautiful voice himself, you know," said this sincere admirer of "father." "and he has tried to train mine a little. He is a wonderful teacher in every way."

Miss Gertrude's blue eyes grew big and dark with

talent is extremely versatile. While excelling in portraiture, her work in the other technical branches of the art is equally commended.

It is said of Mrs. Nicholls that she does not paint like a woman. While possessing the vivid feminine imagination, she expresses it with the certainty of touch and broadness of detail usually seen only in men's work.

A painting called "A White Wall of Venice" is one of the most admired of Mrs. Nicholls's works. "The Scarlet Letter" and "Those Evening Bells" are also known as remarkably fine productions.

As to the artist herself, Mrs. Nicholls is a young and pretty woman, wholly engrossed in her art and her family. She is an Englishwoman by birth, but married an American, Burr H. Nicholls, also a painter.

MIDWINTER FREAKS OF STYLE.

When the bicycle girl found that the winter seemed insupportably long minus the exhilaration of her favorite sport, she began enthusiastically to plan for winter bicycling costumes. There is now not a month in the year when the bicycle is not in demand, and the necessity for appropriate costumes



THIS IS THE NEWEST SASH.

can no longer be ignored. Quite the latest solution of the cycling - costume problem is shown here. It is a simply-made suit of soft chinchilla fur, which is not only comfortable, but exceedingly becoming.

Outside the leather leggings is a short skirt of the fur. The upper part of the costume is in the form of a Russian blouse belted in and fastened with frogs. On very windy days the additional protection of a short cape will be gladly made use of.

A jaunty little Russian cap of chinchilla, Persian lamb or seal is the finishing touch to a very charming midwinter costume.

Among the many fashions which are being revived from the period of grandmother's youth is the long ruffled sash which New York girls are wearing on their evening gowns. It is rather a pretty fad to enliven a black evening gown by a ruche of corse silk about the belt with a long sash of the corse at the back, each sash end bordered by three tiny ruffles. It is a French touch to wear about the neck a ruche of the same color as the sash.

The costume shown in the sketch is the execution of a design by Doucet, recently imported to New York. The low-cut bodice is of emerald green velvet, the fluffy accordion skirt of emerald silk tulle. About the neck, arms and waist are full ruches of tulle, and the long sash, reaching to the very end of the skirt at the back is also of tulle, shading delicately in the transitions from light to shadow.

MISS BEATRICE TONNESEN AND EXAMPLES OF HER STRIKING SUCCESS IN PHOTOGRAPHY.



RHODA HOLMES NICHOLLS.

THIS delightful artist is so well known that little can be said of her work that is not familiar to every one. Mrs. Nicholls was seen at her studio, No. 913 Seventh avenue, a short time ago by a World reporter, and kindly consented to have photographs taken while she continued her usual work of the day. Rhoda Holmes Nicholls's fame as a painter is about equally divided between water-colors and oils. Her



RHODA HOLMES NICHOLLS, ARTIST, IN HER STUDIO.
(From a photograph taken especially for the Sunday World.)

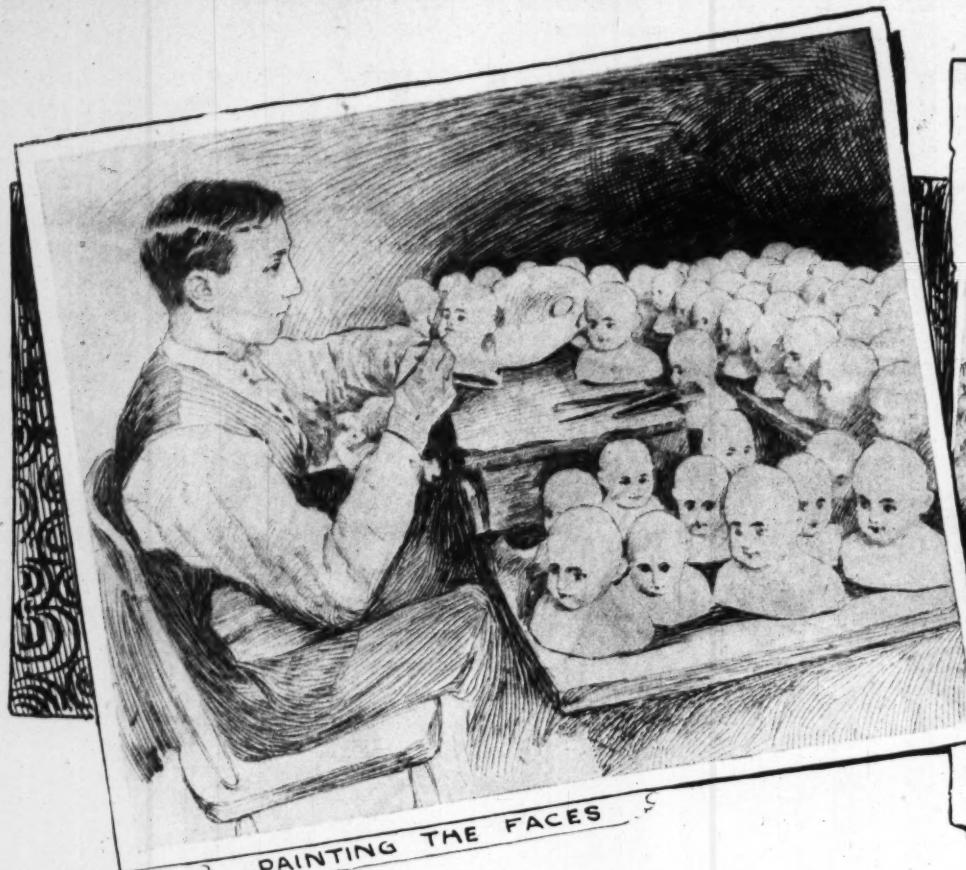


THE SUBURBAN SHOPPER.
LOST THE FIVE-TWENTY!



GERTRUDE COGHAN

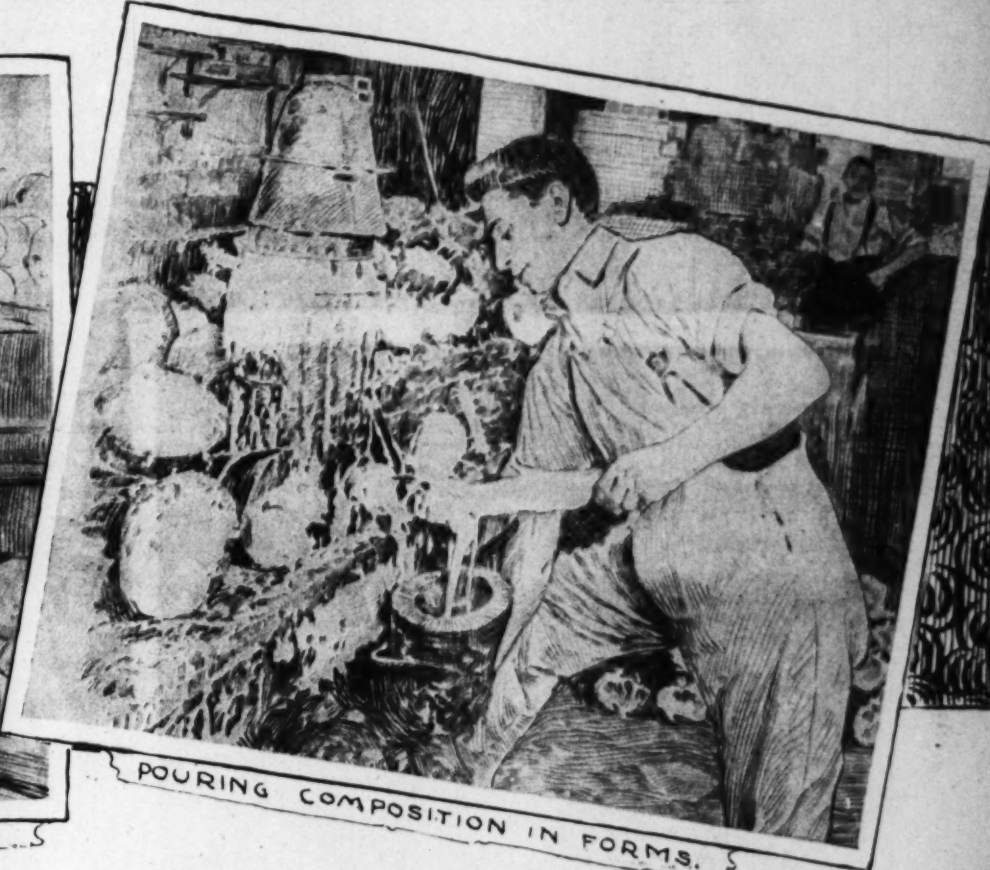
HOW DOLLS ARE MADE—SCENES FROM THE ONLY DOLL FACTORY IN NEW YORK.



PAINTING THE FACES.



MAKING AND CURLING WIGS.



POURING COMPOSITION IN FORMS.

EVOLUTION OF A DOLL.

ONE of the most interesting places one can visit is a doll factory. It is not so easily found in this country, however, as most dolls are imported. There is one place, nevertheless, in New York where dolls can be seen in all stages of manufacture. That is in the rooms of the American Doll and Toy Manufacturing Company at No. 150 Bleecker street. Here are made absolutely unbreakable dolls, which fact was once demonstrated to The World reporter by driving a nail in a piece of hard wood, using the head of a doll as a hammer. Next one of the dolls was thrown on the floor and banged around in a truly reckless fashion.

Verily these dolls must be boons to the infant who enjoys using them as articles of general utility as well as diversion. In addition to their lasting qualities the dolls are pretty, having faces naturally tinted and wigs of golden hair.

The first operation in the manufacture of the head of the doll is to pour a



MISS HELEN LONG, SOCIETY LEADER.
(From her most recent photograph.)

POPULAR MISS LONG.

MISS HELEN LONG, second daughter of the Secretary of the Navy, is one of the most popular of the Cabinet ladies.

When Miss Long first went to Washington last spring to preside for her father in the enforced absence of Mrs. Long, she promptly instituted a series of public receptions that rendered her parlor at the Portland the most attractive rendezvous in the West End. In this way she readily familiarized herself with the duties of her position and relieved her mother of all unnecessary fatigue.

After a few weeks of social popularity Miss Long accompanied her parents to their Massachusetts home, returning early in the autumn in time to take her part in assisting Mrs. Long in all matters connected with the responsibilities of a Cabinet home. Her easy, unaffected manner had already won her a host of friends.

Of a literary taste, Miss Long finds congenial companionship in her father and in his political aspirations. The hours spent together are valued by both father and daughter.

MILLAI'S LOVELY WIFE.

The recent tragic death of Lady Millais, wife of the famous painter, has renewed the public interest in Millais's work. The paintings which are reproduced today on the last page of this section show how Lady Millais and her daughters formed the painter's inspiration. As is the case with few wives of great men, Lady Millais will be remembered with her husband, her face immortalized by his hand.



CAMILLE SEYGDARD.

A NEW STAR IN THE DAMROSCH OPERA COMPANY.

CAMILLE SEYGDARD.

CAMILLE SEYGDARD, whose latest photograph appears on this page, is one of the leading stars of the Damrosch Opera Company.

Miss Seygard was born in Russia of French parents. Giving promise of a fine voice, she was sent to Paris to study. In 1888 she made her debut as Zerlina in "Don Giovanni" at the Royal Covent Garden Theatre, scoring a triumph. Since then she has sung in the principal cities of both continents, her most successful roles being associated with "Barbiere de Seville," "Mignon" and "Carmen." Massenet chose her to originate Werther.

Miss Seygard made her New York debut with the Damrosch Symphony Society in "Carmen."

This season Miss Seygard returns to be featured as Carmen, though it is also promised that she will sing Rosina and Zerlina.

INDIAN WOMAN A NURSE

During the past five years an attempt has been made to instruct the young girls at Carlisle Indian School in the art of nursing. Of the score of Indian girls sent to hospitals to learn nursing but two or three remain in the profession. Several of them have married redskins and returned to the Indian Territory, while others have lacked the patience necessary to success.

One of the most

successful professional nurses in Philadelphia is Miss Kate Grindrod, blooded Wyandotte Indian, who lived for many years in the northwestern of the Indian Territory. Kate Grindrod's services are eagerly sought after by the leading families in the City of Brotherly Love. She is a hard-working, experienced nurse and has been very successful. She enjoys the distinction of the only girl to be graduated from Carlisle and from the hospital. Other been graduated from one or the other, but the honor of a double matriculation belongs solely to her.

For four years she studied at Carlisle. Being an exceedingly apt student was graduated very young and remained at the school for some time as an assistant. During the epidemic at Carlisle in 1880 and 1881 she volunteered her services as a nurse, and so successful was she that, acting upon the advice of physicians, she entered the Woman's Hospital at Philadelphia. Without a in the city her life was particularly hard, but, being a high-spirited girl, thought of the possibility of non-success spurred her on, although she admitted Indian blood manifested itself repeatedly. Quelling the turbulent spirit with



MISS KATE GRINDROD, INDIAN NURSE.
(From a photograph taken especially for the Sunday World.)

liquid composition, the ingredients of which remain a secret with the manufacturer, into a wooden form held by a man under the spot of the tank containing the mixture.

Thousands of these forms are to be seen all over the place, resembling nothing so much as great heaps of coconuts. The form is not filled entirely full. The composition at first is thick and sticky and adheres to the sides of the form. After it is completely filled enough is poured out so that the interior of the head of the doll will be hollow.

The form remains undisturbed over night and the next morning is broken apart. The head of the doll is then taken out and is found to be of a yielding, rubbery consistency. Before it has had time to get harder the holes for the eyes are cut out and the eyes inserted.

Next the face is painted. This is done very carefully by men skilled in the art. The paint used is of some harmless material, so that if the future small owner of the doll takes a fancy to use it as a means for sharpening teeth no evil results will follow. Next the doll, with its bald pate, is handed over to the girls who are busily engaged in weaving the wig. Small locks of hair are inserted in the chignon of the doll until the entire pate is covered.

Then the head is handed over to a young woman who curls the hair most beautifully with curling-irons.

After this the head is left to harden, when it becomes adamant. The hair will not pull out, the eyes cannot be poked in, the paint will not wash off and the head cannot be broken.

"Hah! No fun in that kind of a doll!" says the small boy, but his sister thinks otherwise.

The arms and legs are made of the same material and are then fastened to a soft body. Dolly is now complete, and only needs a wardrobe to win her way into the heart of her small owner.

A POSTER PICTURE.

ON the first page of this section of the Sunday World appears to-day the typical bicycle girl of 1898. This photograph is the fourth to be reproduced directly in natural colors, and is, perhaps, the most interesting of the series of "poster pictures," those of which have already appeared.

Miss Grace Freeman, of "A Stranger in New York" company, at Hoyt's Theatre, was good enough to pose to illustrate for this picture, and to display, incidentally, her mastery of the wheel. The costume worn by Miss Freeman is the correct bicycling suit of 1898. To be a counterpart of the Sunday World's poster picture it will be necessary to be among the most skillful wheelwomen in Greater New York.



JULIA MARLOWE AND ALFRED KENDRICK, HER NEW LEADING MAN.

she redoubled her efforts, which were eventually crowned with success. She graduated near the top of her class, and since that time has had more call than she could possibly attend to. Her specialty is children, and during the two she has been following the profession she has never lost a case.

Miss Grindrod bears little resemblance to her race. She is below the usual height, well formed and prepossessing in appearance. Her skin has a swarthy look, but beyond this there are no indications of Indian blood in her remarkably well informed. All her spare time is devoted to instruction in improvement.

MISS MARLOWE'S NEW LEADING MAN.

MISS JULIA MARLOWE is known and loved all over the United States for her winsome personality and girlish charm. Her rare intelligence and her face and natural grace are qualifications for the stage which few possess to so unusual a degree.

Her husband, Robert Taber, is now with Sir Henry Irving's company in London. At the close of her season here Miss Marlowe expects to join her and spend the summer with him as usual in one of the small towns of England. Alfred Kendrick, the good-looking young English actor whose photographic company Miss Marlowe is, filling the position in the Julia Marlowe, formerly occupied by Mr. Taber. Mr. Kendrick has made a favorable impression upon New York audiences during the short time that he has been here, when in London, Miss Marlowe and Mr. Charles Dillingham, her manager, met Mr. Kendrick, and, after seeing him play Orlando in "As You Like It," at once made him an offer to join Miss Marlowe's company on the tour. Mr. Kendrick has a very good reputation in London as a clever and able player of Shakespearean roles. He has been on the stage for six years and been a member of the Vestris, Penley, Stanning and Edward Terry companies.

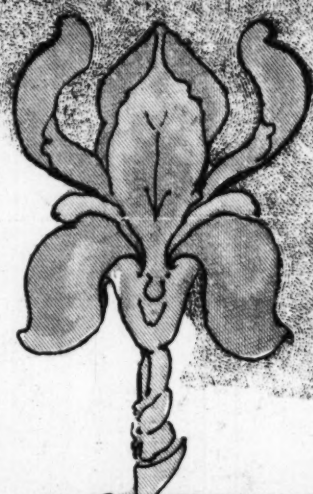
Coming of a most excellent and wealthy family, Alfred Kendrick career with a host of good friends in the most exclusive circles of society. His friends have increased in number and extended to wider circles since he became an actor. His happy, genial temperament first made him a favorite and his magnificent physique soon gained him a place on the Kendrick is but twenty-eight years old. Pleasant things are heard of his absence of egoism. When asked to talk about himself he blushes of his curly hair and said deprecatingly: "I'm not the sort of chap you know. I haven't done anything much yet. Of course, I hope to do more. I'm simply a support."

FIVE WORLD FAMOUS PICTURES

BY THE LATE SIR JOHN MILLAIS, R. A.



"CHERRY RIPE"—A PORTRAIT OF MILLAIS'S YOUNGEST DAUGHTER.



MILLAIS'S PORTRAIT OF MRS. LANGTRY, WHICH HE CALLED "A JERSEY LILY."



MILLAIS'S ELDEST DAUGHTER AS "THE FISHER GIRL."



"THE PROSCRIBED ROYALIST."
(The woman's face is a portrait of Mrs. Millais.)



MILLAIS'S CELEBRATED PAINTING "YES OR NO."
(For which Miss Dorothy Tennant posed.)

